Vol. CXXVI. No. 1643.

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[JUNE 12, 1935.

The BYSTANDER

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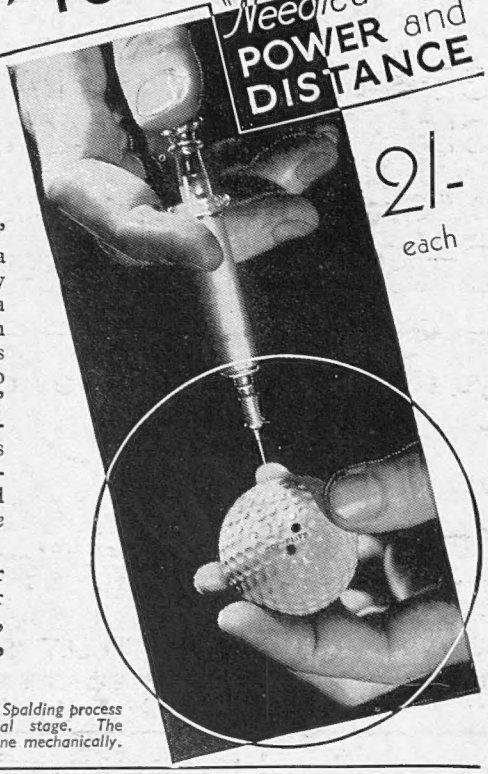

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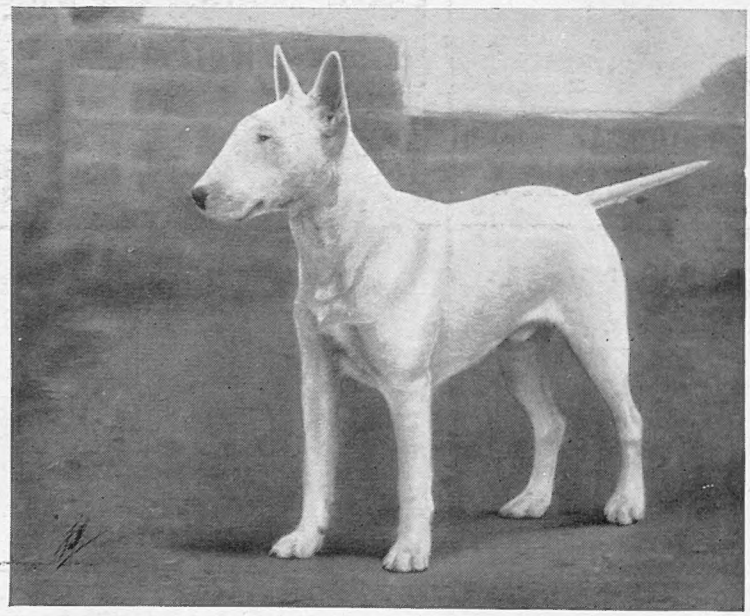

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P.335.B.

The Bystander, June 12, 1935

No. 1643. Vol. CXXVI.

The BYSTANDER

"OH, *QUITE* AN ACCIDENT!": GEORGE ROBEY AND ALICE DELYSIA IN A NEW FARCE

To-morrow night at the Shaftesbury George Robey and Alice Delysia appear as a comedy team in "Accidentally Yours." The new farce is an adaptation by Clifford Grey of the French comedy, "Monsieur à Cinq Heures." It is George Robey's first appearance in farce, and it's Alice Delysia's first appearance in London since she was in "Mother of Pearl" before she went to Australia. It's also the first time these two comedy-personalities have shared the lead. So, one way and another, to-morrow night is something of a theatrical occasion

Fayer of Vienna

H. H. THE AGA KHAN

A fine portrait of the owner of the unbeaten Bahram, who led in his second Derby winner last week, and sent the first three favourites into the greatest flat race of the year from his stable. It was a popular win, not only because of the number of "shirts" Bahram was carrying, but on account of the great admiration and gratitude felt for the Aga Khan as an owner and breeder, as a "pillar of the Turf." This photograph of him is by Fayer of Vienna, and is one of the most striking male portraits in the exhibition Fayer is holding at Dorland House, Regent Street, and which will be open until June 19. The present exhibition is mainly of Fayer's English portraits; later in the year he is to hold an international exhibition of something like a thousand photographs of celebrities from all over the world

Miss Diana Carlos Clarke, who was one of the most attractive and horse-knowledgable debutantes at the meeting, is with Mr. Murray Smith

The Hon. Robert Watson and his brother, Lord Manton, were racing together in the peace and quiet of the first day

Miss Beatrice Grosvenor having a paddock conversation with the Hon. Brian O'Neill, Lord O'Neill's brother, who is in the Irish Guards

Epsom

The Great Summer Meeting on the Downs

TUESDAY at Epsom in Derby Week is a regulars' day; the non-racing world hardly knows that the meeting begins before Wednesday. But that 's all to the good for the regulars; they have room to move and time to talk their peculiar technical language without being interrupted by silly questions about "what 's going to win"

Above: Miss Joan Baker and Miss Suzanne du Boulay sitting under Mr. Reid's umbrella during a Tuesday afternoon shower

Left: the attractive Mrs. John Player, who was wearing a new kind of a tricorne hat, and a neat striped suit, is with Mrs. Betty Feilden

The Derby would be nothing without these two — "Prince" Ras Monolulu and "Smiler." The former's tartan umbrella - shooting - stick is very extra

What a Night for Burglars . . . !

Three Million Pounds' Worth of Precious Stones at the Jewels of Empire Ball

The Jewels on Parade

Along a narrow, raised platform across the Grosvenor House ball-room walked the jewel mannequins in the "Presentation of Jewels," wearing over £3,000,000-worth of bracelets, tiaras, necklaces, rings, and clips, all lent by the National Jewellers' Association. Lady Patricia Latham, Lady Veronica Hornby, Mrs. Charles Sweeny, and Mrs. John Musker are the four leading mannequins above

Right: Lady Mount Temple and Mrs. Oswald Birley, who wore emeralds and rubies, were the organisers of the "Presentation of Jewels." Mrs. Terence Maxwell was Diane Chamberlain, and was married a month or two ago; she wore aquamarines, and Mrs. Kenneth Wagg wore black pearls

Emerald, Black Pearl, Aquamarine and Ruby

Lady Mount Temple, Mrs. Kenneth Wagg, Mrs. Terence Maxwell, Mrs. Oswald Birley

Above: Lady Warrender, who wore no less than £200,000 worth of diamonds, and Mrs. Richard Hart Davis, whose decorations were mainly sapphires

Right: a close-up of Lady Veronica Hornby, Mrs. John Musker, and Mrs. Charles Sweeny, who all wore diamonds. The second Jewels of Empire Ball, to which the Duke and Duchess of Kent went, was in aid of the Papworth Village Settlement

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

A Squire of Dames; and a Bull's-Eye Missed

"All Rights Reserved" (Criterion)
"Golden Arrow" (Whitehall Theatre)

"All Rights Reserved"

The return of the prodigal, Susan Saltmarsh (Marda Vanne), after a week-end on Parisian tiles

"All Rights Reserved" (Criterion)

JUST before the Jubilee, theatrical managers were in a desperate hurry to stage new attractions, in order to reap the golden harvest believed to be imminent. This harvest never matured, and casualties were severe. There were, however, certain shows which survived because they deserved to, and in this class is *All Rights Reserved*, by N. C. Hunter, at the Criterion.

Whether the author wrote the part of Victor Saltmarsh to Ronald Squire's measure I do not know, but what is obvious is that it fits him perfectly, and it is a joy to see this actor, after his serious accident which kept him from the stage for so long, playing at the top of his form.

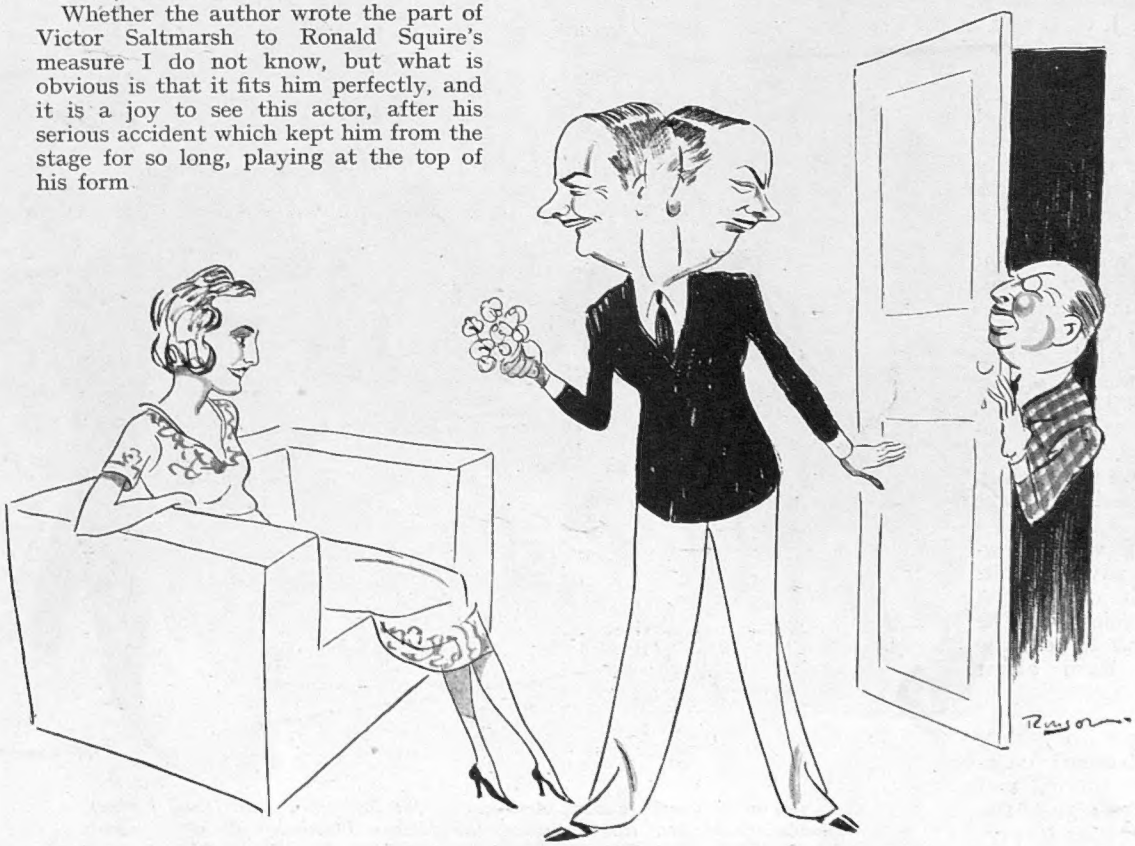
I know no artist who, with his face, can express so much with so little effort. A twinkle of his eye and we realise what kissing the Blarney Stone means; righteous indignation is obvious when he finds that his wife has been paying him out in his own coin of infidelity. Petulance, affection, irritation—in fact, all the emotions capable of expression, are revealed with humour and subtlety on a face which, should ignorance be the keynote required, can be made as vacant as a house to let.

Lucky author to have so good an actor cast for the principal part, and equally lucky to have a cast in support which might be changed but could not be bettered. For the instigator of the elderly hero's unplatonic affections there is Nora Swinburne, combining looks with intelligence; Marda Vanne, the chic and common-sensical, is admirable as the wife; Edmond Breon—who is surely less thin than he used to be—the "Charles-his-friend," plays with infectious humour and a chuckle; Esme Cannon and Richard Goolden are first-rate in two minor parts, and David Markham really looked as if the son of the house might be having his education at Harrow.

Brightly written and cleverly produced, this domestic comedy will especially delight women, for it shows a husband being outwitted at every turn by the female of the species.

(Continued on page 462)

The new pull-over and its proud owner, Mark Saltmarsh (David Markham)



Left: two-faced Squire: Victor Saltmarsh (Ronald Squire) shows how to look sweetly on an intended seducee, Phyllis Manton (Nora Swinburne), and at the same time throw killing glances at a persistent friend, George Turney (Edmond Breon)

• Second Thoughts on First Nights (Continued)

"Golden Arrow"

Fanny Field (Greer Garson) tries peaceful persuasion when her lover, Richard Harben (Laurence Olivier) is about to leave her, and if that fails she has a weightier argument handy

"Golden Arrow" (Whitehall)

IF you are sufficiently interested in the theatre may I suggest a game which has in it some traces of amusement? It is to compare the notices of a new play, and see how often Mr. Charles Morgan, of *The Times*, disagrees with Mr. James Agate, of the *Sunday Times*; discover whether Mr. S. R. Littlewood has, for once in a way, said harsh things; note whether Mr. Ivor Browne, in the *Observer*, is both epigrammatic and severe, and also note whether extreme youth and ripe experience in Mr. J. G. Bergel, of the *Evening News*, and E. A. Baughan of the *News Chronicle*, see eye to eye.

HAD you played this game with the new play produced at the Whitehall Theatre, and perused the considered judgment of the dramatic critics of the daily and weekly Press, you must either have thought that *The Golden Arrow*, written by Sylvia Thompson and Victor Cunard, was a clever and amusing play or have considered that it was regarded with the disdain which one associates with something the cat has brought in. There was no middle course.

If, however, you were present on the first night at the Whitehall Theatre, and, at its conclusion, listened to the enthusiasm of a packed house, you would assuredly have no doubts on the subject, but believe that you had assisted at the birth of a masterpiece.

With the best will in the world, however, I cannot follow the advice of Mr. Pickwick and shout with the biggest crowd, which evinced its delight at the first performance, for, truth to tell, the authors have much to learn about writing for the stage.

IN the pursuit of wisdom they may discover hereafter that smart chatter is no substitute for action, and that it is essential that you give the cast something to do as well as to say.

They may learn that it is unwise to rely on a succession of epigrammatic wisecracks in the dialogue, and that more natural speech is likely to cause genuine laughter and, at the same time, allow authors the more easily to portray character; wisecracks which could be put into the mouths of almost any member of the cast without seeming out of place is a technique almost as extinct as the attempt to secure cheap laughs by making a cosmopolitan French diplomat make havoc of English proverbs and slang.

They may learn not to destroy the probabilities unnecessarily and prevent an M.P., a son in his mother's Park Crescent drawing-room, removing his coat and placing it over the shoulders of a parting guest when a much more suitable wrap could have been easily secured for her near at hand.

Lady Harben (Helen Haye), a broad-minded mother

They may learn that doubt can be engendered when this important and well-to-do M.P. makes love to a girl and kisses her, coram populo, in the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons, and, later, instals her as his mistress in one of the most sordid bed-sitting-rooms imaginable, an apartment made no more attractive by being called a service flat.

They may learn that to make your heroine accept passage money to Paris from an amorous Frenchman, allow herself to be decked out in frocks, and receive other presents, and stop with him at an hotel without paying the price, which really he had some right to expect, makes her out neither more nor less than a swindling little gold-digger—and damn morality.

YES, despite the joy of "kind friends in front" for a somewhat pretentious play, I should have found it passing dull but for the admirable performance of Cecil Parker as the amorous French diplomat; the heroic efforts of Denys Blakelock to make his epigrams sound natural, and the promise shown by Greer Garson as the most peculiar heroine.

VERNON WOODHOUSE.

Sketches by Rouson

"There was a Frenchman and an American . . .": Philippe Fayard (Cecil Parker), a philandering delegate, tells Sebastian Lee (Denys Blakelock) all about women

"Number Five"

Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard at Work on the "Cunarder" of Hollywood

Paulette Goddard

Known as "Peter" to Mr. Chaplin; rumoured to be his wife since last year

The Chaplin Company on Location near Hollywood

Paulette Goddard in her open-air dressing-room, Charlie Chaplin as his screen self

LIKE the Queen Mary before her launch, Charlie Chaplin's new film still has a number instead of a name; the only rumoured suggestion of a title for it is *The Masses*, which sounds unlikely. "Number Five" has been in production since last summer, and won't be completed for another month or two. Besides being its star, producer and director, Charlie Chaplin has designed all the sets himself, and is arranging the incidental music, as well as composing a piece or two of his own. Paulette Goddard gets her first big chance in this film; she's a good dancer, and has as much personality as her stormy little face has charm. With these two in the photograph on the left is Henry Bergman, Charlie Chaplin's great friend, who has been in every film with him for years

Less "Public" Peers . . .

Captured and Captioned

By Pamela Murray

1. Lord Vernon

LORD VERNON, who began ski-ing at Christmas 1932, aged forty-three, is now a steady expert, training schoolboy son John in his tracks. Francis ("Frank") William Lawrence Venables-Vernon, 9th Baron, left the Navy as a Lieut.-Commander in 1919. He has a sailor's sense of humour and shy charm. Also a handsome wife who avoids publicity like the plague; a pretty daughter, Susan, who's nearly sweet sixteen; an Oliver Hill house in Chelsea, and Sudbury Hall in Derbyshire

LORD BARNBY, whose father was made a peer after making a fortune in wool, suffered anxiety in the Depression. Is 2nd Baron. Tall, handsome, monocled, and casually clothed, he's the type of Englishman most admired abroad, and three years ago his engagement to a dashing French racehorse owner was rumoured. Good seat on a polo pony, a graceful stance in a paddock, and a pleasant, if reserved, manner. Was formerly in the Notts (Sherwood Rangers) Yeomanry, also Controller of Wool Supplies and attached to the Ministry of Munitions in the war, for which prowess won C.M.G., M.V.O., and C.B.E. An M.P. for four years, hasn't stood since defeated twelve years ago, nor has he married. An enigmatic, youthful, fifty-year-old

3. Lord Barnby

2. Lord Torpichen

LORD TORPICHEN ("Sandy") seldom leaves Calder House, Midlothian, where he and "Grace" (a delightful American who, unlike most American peeresses, was neither an heiress nor an actress) do most of the chores. Knows all about hard work. Was an engineer for many years. Lived in sombre lodgings and got up to tune of factory hooter. Roved the world wearing thick glasses. Learnt to waltz very well indeed. Is proud of his nearly-grown-up son, who will be the 14th Baron since 1564, when the Sandilands family had already adorned the map of Scotland for centuries. Possesses no side and some dry wit

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 106

Maurice Baring

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

THE uncle of my Lords Castlerosse and Revelstoke does things by volition and instinct, like a puppy retrieving a ball. He is a cracking good writer, and though this is not necessarily a compliment, is the favourite author of the Brigade of Guards. It is also to his credit that he has written the only genuine poetry (as opposed to verse) on flying. Which brings us to his courage. Maurice Baring was well over forty when he joined the Air Force and went up, for he was not one of your ground-staff birds, ultimately reaching the rank of Wing-Commander.

His close contact with war goes back to the Russo-Japanese campaign, when he went out as a correspondent of the *Morning Post* in somebody else's fur coat. Somewhere there is a photograph extant of him knee-high in cholera-stricken corpses.

His generosity can be almost uncomfortable. I do not refer to his placing a bottle of champagne in front of each of his guests—every man his own butler—when he gives a dinner-party. Nor do I refer to the gentleman from Paraguay who wrote and said that he liked his books, and would Mr. Baring please send him two hundred and fifty pounds? Which he did. No. Maurice Baring is quite Spanish in his attitude when any friend of his admires any of his possessions. He has them made into a parcel and sent to him next day.

Here is a story which will explain the man to you exactly. His house was on fire. He escaped in his pyjamas. His next-door neighbours invited him, when they saw him on the pavement shivering in the night air, into their house. "No, thank you very much," said Maurice Baring. "I can see it much better from here."

EVERY year on his birthday, which is April 27th, he goes into the sea in whatever clothes he may be wearing, from a dinner-jacket downwards. He has an egg-like dome, on which he is fond of balancing glasses of wine and anything else which comes into or on to his head. Sometimes he will even balance a bowl of flowers thereon. Once when he did this Sir Harry Preston was present, and made the magnificent comment to Tom Webster: "My dear Sir, what a privilege to watch that great brain relaxing."

He has written innumerable books, the best of which I should say is *Cat's Cradle*. Another favourite of mine has the typically Baring title of *Round the World in Any Number of Days*. Maurice Baring belongs to all the best clubs, wears a straw hat whenever he feels like it, has a nice little house in Chelsea, a curious jumbled code which he occasionally uses in the agony columns to invite his guests, and a quality of completely unaffected charm. He knows all about the fine arts and pre-war Russia. He is a bachelor. He has an immense range of close friends. The tragedy of his life is that he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. If he had been compelled to work for a living he might well have been one of the greatest writers of to-day. In any case, he is our most exquisite stylist.

"The Wedding Night"

Anna Sten as the Connecticut-Polish Heroine of a New Hollywood Film

As Manya, the Little Polish Girl

In the kitchen of her father's farm, Manya (Anna Sten) is fitted for her wedding-dress before her marriage to a man she doesn't love

The Tragic Lovers—Anna Sten and Gary Cooper

ANNA STEN'S new film of Hollywood manufacture is *The Wedding Night*, which started its run at the London Pavilion on Monday. In it she's an American-Polish farmer's daughter, affianced to a neighbour (Ralph Bellamy) whom she doesn't love. Into her life comes Gary Cooper in the shape of a young author doing a vegetatory escape from New York—with his wife (Helen Vinson). It ends in tragedy for Manya, for she's killed on her wedding night during a quarrel between her husband and her lover. The story, by Edward Knopf, is trite enough; it remains to see what the critics and public think Anna Sten is doing with her Hollywood stardom and how Gary Cooper suits her as partner. King Vidor directed.

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

"It takes more than a leader in the *Daily Express* to change geography," observed Mr. Anthony Eden, Lord Privy Seal, at a Unionist meeting the other day, very accurately demonstrating the essentially childish viewpoint of the "splendid isolation" hot-gospellers, who just can't bear the British Isles being part of Europe.

Their attitude seems to us to involve something more than a denial of geography, not to mention history. It is dictated—correct us if wrong—by instinctive and highly significant dislike of our origins, our roots, our ancient culture, our enduring debt and inescapable debt to that Mediterranean littoral from which our civilisation came. This dislike especially embraces the Latin genius which first taught our rude and oafish fathers the elements of rational human living. (Hence the periodical parrot-cry of "business men" demanding the banishment of Latin from the schools.) It is an attitude divorced from all reality and, speaking charitably, an extremely—er—colonial one. To deny our age-long European ties is like repudiating our mother. Happily no little tin hatchet from Fleet Street can cut us off from our past, as yet.

It isn't a new frenzy, anyway. Has it ever struck you why the Prologue to annual Westminster Play is generally so full of easily recognisable puns? It's because one minor Elizabethan method of severing us from the rest of Christendom was to force on the English schools a pronunciation of Latin so barbarous, so uncouth, so peculiar, so incomprehensible to all other Europeans that it would sicken the devil (an Italian) himself. We're only just remedying that.

Is It Cricket?

Just after reading a congratulatory head-line, "IMPRESSIVE FORM OF MISS ————," referring to the French lawn tennis championships, we went on to read about Señorita Lizana, the Chilian ace, who is only five feet tall, and is apparently knocking some of the big girls for a row of Venezuelan ash-cans. It struck us this is hardly fair to our own lawn tennis girls — we mean, having these tiny creatures about the courts. Miss Gem Hoahing, the Chinese ace, for instance, is so little that every butterfly in Kensington Gardens has an ache in its tiny heart because she won't play tag round the grass-stalks. No wonder some of our massive British girls with impressive forms (see above) are a bit sick about it.

One of them said contemptuously to us yesterday: "When I beat 'Crasher' Farmiloe in the All-England singles at Wimbledon there was no fairy nonsense or hidey-hidey about us. I could see the 'Crasher' and the 'Crasher' could see me, and when we both fell we shook the stands and sent the umpires flying." Flexing her double biceps, the enormous girl added: "These tiny foreign doodads just get in one's hair. Pooh! Most of 'em couldn't hit a Guardsman through a three-ply wall!"

"There's a side of me that nobody ever sees"

We had no suggestions, except that they ought to see Barrie about it.

Big Medicine

Oddly enough, we had just mentioned one of the more important ritual uses of the famous Castlerosse white waistcoat the other week—dragged round the fields at midnight, with the proper incantations, it ensures fruitfulness to the crops—when we read of a West Country vicar who has adapted what is alleged to be "a custom deriving from the honouring of Ceres, goddess of crops" to the fields of his parish. The Castlerosse waistcoat was not actually mentioned by name, but must have had a prominent place in this ceremonial.

The history of this noble waistcoat, which is of incredible antiquity, is pretty interesting. It figures, as most scholars know, in the ancient agricultural ritual of the Arval Brethren and the Salii, always accompanied by wild hieratic dances and the clashing of cymbals. With the fall of the Roman Empire it passed to Byzantium, and thence into Tartary, where the hairy natives revered it as a god for centuries. It was handed over to the British Government as a trophy after the Crimean War. When Lord Castlerosse is not wearing it, it is kept in a special all-steel room at the Victoria and Albert Museum, where it is greatly admired by Indian students. Being strong magic and Big Medicine, it can be worn only by Lord Castlerosse. Rashly assumed by anyone else, it bursts into flame. Its origins are lost in the mists of the ages. Some say the fairy Morgan le Fay rose with it from the depths of the Dark Mere of Locq-mariaquer. Others say it was woven as a doom by the Norns. Others, again, say it was once the upper half of Charlemagne's night-shirt, others say it was once part of the Sunday trousers of the Great Troll of Etnedal, in Norway, and some think the Manitou gave it to his favourite medicine-men, Fortnum and Mason. It has a name, but this is so terrible and secret that only illuminates may pronounce it.

"Don't pay any attention, it's only a mirage"

Whichever of these legends is true, it is significant that the Sickert portrait in the Academy shows a dazzling light playing round that part of the Castlerosse torso which is enwrapped in this mirific waistcoat. Io triumpe! (Dumb-bells to you.)

Spurs and Pen

ONE difficulty about the forthcoming film of Kipling's *The Light That Failed* may be its quaintly old-fashioned flavour of romance attaching to war correspondents and their "shop." The book was written when fifty years of fatted peace had made the odious Victorians frantic worshippers of everything connected with war, and the atmosphere of rather self-conscious Cyranoesque swagger surrounding Dick Helder and the Nilghai and Torpenhow must make one smile nowadays, unless one is terribly unsophisticated.

Modern war correspondents certainly don't swagger. They're very retiring, unassuming men. Percival Phillips, the big Irishman whose war despatches were acknowledged supreme for sober clarity and cool precision, is one of the most modest and charming men alive. Pale, handsome, ascetic Philip Gibbs, who saw the war through more sentimental spectacles, is equally so. Beach Thomas looks like, and is, a farmer at heart, immune from the pomps of the world. J. M. N. Jeffries is like a quiet but cultivated don. We can't see these men, or any of the others, carrying on like Prussian subalterns over another fresh and joyous ("frisch und fröhlich"—the German Crown Prince, 1914) war, and certainly not over a minor scrap with Fuzzy-Wuzzy. In the first place, they're not built that way; and in the second, they know too much.

Another thing we'd like to see revised in this film, while we're on the topic, is the treatment of Maisie. If Dick Helder, instead of maundering over that cold-blooded little egotist, were to give her a brisk half-dozen with the back of a hair-brush on the right place, the story might have had a happier ending. But, Lord, we're the ones to talk about smacking women! Wow! They terrify us to death.

Meet Lorrie

THE other week we touched lightly but sympathetically on the case of "Michael," a spirit who gave a Viennese business man rather bad market tips and brought him (so the business man declared) to bankruptcy. This week the case of "Lorrie Mar-Reen," a spirit under whose control a middle-aged London lady painted a number of pictures exhibited in Mayfair the other day, may detain us a moment. "Lorrie Mar-Reen" isn't so hot, either, apparently. "We wish," remarked the art critic of the *Daily Mail*, "she had had some art lessons." It would seem that evening technical classes for spirits engaged in directing mortal affairs wouldn't be half a bad idea.

We once saw a picture being drawn under what the artist assured us beforehand was spirit-control. He groaned and sweated and shivered, and his pencil zigzagged up and down, and the net result may have been a tree, or it may have been a ball of wool untangled by the cat, or it may have been something highly esoteric which escaped our earthy comprehensions. Anyway, it wasn't very good. A child of three could have done it without any occult help. It puzzles us to know why such things should be esteemed.

Well, that's our suggestion, Special elementary courses for spirit controls at the London School of Economics and the L.C.C. art schools, and any spirits who show average intelligence at grasping things can get a scholarship for higher studies. In the meantime, we don't think the spirits ought to control anything much, except themselves.

Spicy Breezes

WHAT we know about Ceylon—apart from tunes out of a faded musical comedy called *The Cingalee*, which our Aunt used to sing to us in our

"I'll have two"

infancy—would hardly cover a sixpence, but the newly-issued Government Green Book on Ceylon certainly gave us a tiny jar with its section of crime statistics. Two thousand, seven hundred and fifteen burglaries in 1933; 136 attempted homicides; 367 murders; 1677 cases of wounding with "dangerous weapons." What a gift for the Victorian bishop who wrote that jingling hymn about the spicy breezes which blow o'er Ceylon's isle, where every prospect pleases, and only Man is vile!

A man who used to plant tea in Ceylon once assured us that the natives of this island Paradise are not invariably angels. He didn't know why. Our opinion, for what it's worth, is that the sight of so much tea irritates them. Acres and acres of tea, all destined to be made into tannin-soup—have you ever heard a Chinese on the English method of making tea?—and drunk in gallons by nervous, egocentric spinsters and angry, pop-eyed colonels, and bouncing charwomen with a grievance, and dons who deny their God; all voters, and all, under the influence of the drug, the easy prey of the worst kind of politician.

If it makes us patriots at home uneasy and restless to think of it, what must be its effect on the far-off Cingalese, that impulsive, coffee-coloured child of the heady East?

Home Hygiene Corner

OUR medical attendant was warning us last week about the Gubbers. These fresh spring mornings, it appears, many people wake up and find themselves, without knowing it, in the grip of a fit of the Gubbers. The Gubbers is (or are), our pet Harley Street assassin tells us, a state of being one mass of nerves for fear Mr. Drinkwater may be even at this moment engaged on a long play about Milton.

The Biffles are pretty disturbing, too, it seems. Fresh air, exercise, orange-juice, and constant care of the feet are the best specific against the Biffles, which is (or are) a state of crying melancholia induced by overlong brooding on the terrible condition of all worlds not created by H. G. Wells. Four out of every five have it.

Study in Frustration

BOARDING a liner at a port half-way home from tropic climes, a girl friend of ours was implored not to miss the next (and last) ship's concert. They said she would laugh herself sick and silly at a comedian among the first-class passengers who was God's gift to a stricken world. Although she has experience of ships' concerts, she gave way gracefully under their urgings, after an extra fortifying glass of champagne at dinner, and went with them. They warned her twice, "You 'll have to wait till the highbrow stuff 's over, but, by gad, it 's worth it!" She sat, therefore, through the customary pianoforte duet (*Tannhäuser*), "Drake's Drum," recitation ("If"), "Rolling Down to Rio," recitation (humorous), "Simple Aveu" (violin), "Mandalay," imitations (humorous), and the long ocean night wore on and on, and no comedian appeared. They said, with anticipatory chuckles, "Don't go, for Heaven's sake. He always come on last, after the highbrow stuff." She sat on, therefore, through "Friend o' Mine" and "Gunga Din" and monologue (dramatic), and "Méditation" (violin), and "Stone-cracker John" and "Queen of My Heart," and finally there was a pregnant pause in the proceedings, and they said, "Here he is!" and a gentleman dressed as a pirate reeled on giggling, hiccupped once, and was instantly pushed off by urgent hands, after which the pianist hurriedly struck up "God Save the King," and the entertainment was over. THE BYSTANDERS.

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 34.—Vicki Baum

IN studies of young women who
Seek Cupid's tinsel prizes,
Or, all for gold, lead lives most "blue,"
Miss Vicki specialises,
And with an observation shrewd
Writes of each inhibition
That flays the souls of damsels who 'd
Go headlong to perdition.

Those sorry tunes of married lives
That end in strife and wrangle
'Twixt husbands and their feckless wives
She plays on the Triangle;
And when she tells of those whose sun
Is dimmed by hopeless passion,
She writes in (please forgive the pun)
A Grand (Ho)telling fashion.

And such a virile style has she,
We find in her a teller
Of tales that earn much £ s. d.
And prove her a best-seller.
She climbed to Fame with courage high,
Although the path was tricky,
So she can say, with Cæsar, "My
Tale 's, 'Veni, Vidi—Vicki!'" B. W.

"Come, Cæsar, Mr. Wiffin won't hurt you"

FILMS of the DAY

"Come Up and Shoot Me Sometime"

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

Paul Muni in "Bordertown"

Paul Muni's latest (at the Regal) is Mexican rough stuff, with a "poor but happy" ending when he goes back to work in the fields he came from. Bette Davis, the blonde widow, is the villain of the piece

Chili Boucher

Another B.I.P. star is Chili Boucher, whose latest part is in "Honours Easy"

Magda Kun in "Dance Band"

Magda Kun, the Hungarian actress, has just made a film with B.I.P. called "Dance Band," in which Charles Buddy Rogers also makes his English screen début. In this photograph, the boy friend is Garry, the violinist

CLEO wants to be a lady. What an ambition, since the undulating blonde seal of a woman who expresses it is Mae West! *Goin' to Town* is a great improvement on *Belle of the 'Nineties*, because Mae West is once more her vulgar, insinuating self. You either like it or loathe it. You either shudder or shriek—with laughter. There is no subtlety either in story or presentation, and yet this film is a satire, conscious or unconscious.

Cleo, that is, Mae West, begins by being that curious phenomenon, a good girl among bad men in somewhere called the West, where cattle rustlers rattle the dice. But since the good girl—in the dance hall—has all Mae West's foresight, as well as her physical sophistication, she insists on a contract, with the result that when her cattle rustler is shot dead by that other standard character of the film world, the sheriff, she inherits the ill-gotten gains, which include one of those very gushing oil-fields.

Experienced film audiences will hardly be surprised by the presence of a handsome young English engineer, impersonated with suitable nonchalance by Paul Cavanagh. Cleo follows him to Buenos Aires. In order to capture him she must become "a lady." The process is delicious burlesque. She enters a horse for the races—an excuse for an excellent race-course scene. The marble grand stand and luxurious surroundings of the race-course at B.A. are notorious. The thrill of a well-photographed race is infallible.

NEXT she marries a degenerate and ruined member of the aristocracy, and stages an opera, playing the part of Delilah. How her quite brutal burlesque of the part, the fair wig and scintillating breast-plates and her toying with the hirsute ornamentations of the unfortunate Samson, help her to become a lady is obscure. One must accept the whole picture as ruthless burlesque. The wretched husband commits suicide and stepping, with her famous rhythmic, fleshy undulations, over the dead body, Mae West claims her man, the engineer, now hereditary Earl of Something, and, pulling a picture hat over her blonde fringe, proclaims herself, in song, "a lady." If this is not satire, it is rubbish.

BUDDY ROGERS is a dance-band leader, crooner, or what not, well known in America and, I believe, to radio fans in this country. In *Dance Band* he is the chief attraction in an indigenous part. To me he seems an ordinary curly-haired, undistinguished young man waving a baton, singing rather inferior songs in a jumbly musical film. There is no suggestion of satire in this story of competition between the male leader of a dance band and the feminine chief of a woman's orchestra which leads to the inevitable sentimental amalgamation, but unless one can read into it satire at the expense of the modern craze for muddled cacophony, *Dance Band* is unbearably inane.

"BORDERTOWN" is yet another picture of night life. Paul Muni and Bette Davis are the chief protagonists. Muni proved himself a magnificent actor in *I Am a Fugitive*. Bette Davis showed her ambitions as the mean Cockney waitress, opposite Leslie Howard in the adaptation of Somerset Maugham's *Human Bondage*, so we may expect, and are not disappointed of, serious acting. But the theatricals lamentably outdo the content of the film.

Muni, as Johnny Ramirez, represents the despised latin emigrant, an American, not an English, social problem. He works to become a lawyer, but bungles his first case, assaults the unspeakable but inferentially "aristocratic" opposing counsel, and is disbarred. He finds an outlet for his ambitions and energies in a saloon, and achieves partnership with the good-natured, drunken proprietor, Charles Roarke, excellently played by Eugene Pallette.

But Roarke has a young and bored wife (Bette Davis), who falls in love with the young and energetic partner. He rebuffs her advances and she murders her husband by shutting him up in the garage with the car engine running, while he is drunk.

There is a verdict of accidental death. Ramirez inaugurates a marvellous gambling and drinking resort, "below the border," in partnership with the widow, meets again the girl and the lawyer who figured in his first case. There is a tragic finale. Bette Davis, as the conscience-stricken woman intent on revenge, does a lot of acting, and Muni goes back to mother and the Catholic Church; but the theme has no particular interest for English audiences, and Muni and Bette Davis do not enhance their histrionic reputations in this synthetic melodrama.

DUNLOP
FORT
C.F.H

A VINTAGE YEAR FOR DESIGN • To men who like the individuality of shirts made to measure, we have a brilliant range to offer this summer. These fabrics are made from finely woven yarns in a wide choice of new designs, and in three qualities, at **10/6, 15/6** and **20/-** They will not shrink and they will not fade.

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AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON

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After Noon

Daylight Snapshots In and Out of London

Right: Captain and Mrs. Walter Sale were two of the enormous crowd of guests at the Lomax-Brand wedding last week. Capt. Sale is in the Blues; his wife is Lord Southampton's youngest daughter. They were married in 1928

Wedding Guests

Temporary Return of the 1890's

Miss Diana Bestall, Miss Yvonne Gunn and Miss Daphne Duke looked as 1890 as they knew how at the Horse Shoe Ball last week. Here they are on their way to a rehearsal after touring Hyde Park in a hansom cab to advertise the Ball. Daphne Duke was chairman of the Young Committee

Right: Lord and Lady Edward Hay went down to Eton for the Fourth of June to see his fourteen-year-old son, David. He and Lady Edward Hay, who is his second wife, have a daughter of five

Tea and Fencing

Mlle. Diane de Rothschild, an attractive ex-debutante from Paris, and Mr. Bobbie Lowenstein had tea on the terrace at Ranelagh in the interval of watching the fights in an Epée Club pool

Right: Capt. G. R. Westmacott and Mr. P. V. L. Cazalett going in to open the batting for the Eton Ramblers Second XI. against the Eton Second XI. With them are Mrs. Westmacott and her son

The Fourth of June at Eton

Mrs. Ernest Simpson

A sketch of the attractive American made at the Ritz's crowded lunch time. She was wearing her famous blue ermine cape, and a little blue hat with a feather and an eye-veil

Alex R. Waugh

Is an English art director from Hollywood who has come back to work in his native land for a bit. He did the décor for "Queen Christina" and "Viva Villa!" among other films

Claud Strickland

A sketch of Lady Marguerite Strickland's husband, who is just as socially-minded as his wife. They would be well in the running for first place in a going-out competition for young-marrieds

Miss Peggy Johnson

Was lunching at the Ritz in this large black straw sombrero and a printed dress of red and black and white. She is the daughter of Mr. Percy Johnson, the well-known owner

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Richer or Poorer

By the time these lines appear, the Whit week-end will be over, and a great many of us, richer or poorer, for better or worse, will have returned from that preposterously popular place, Le Touquet.

Don't think that we are against it—indeed, when we come back with a few mille notes to spare after paying our expenses, having barked out "Banco!" once or twice at the right moment, we think that the tiresome journey and complete loss of sleep endured by collecting those mille notes is all very much worth while.

Reasons for the Trip

Some of us go to Le Touquet for the golf, the restaurant in the "Forêt," or a change to foreign parts; still more go because both men and women like to gamble, high or low, and because men and women also like to drink, little or much, *when* they like.

In any place where there is a Casino, there is no question as to "What do we do to-night?" We just go to the Casino, and that's that.

For a great many people the day scarcely begins until six o'clock, when they pop into the Rooms to try their luck before dinner. No one wants to go to a theatre or a concert, and the night-clubs are only moderately full of people, who have all been to the Casino first.

We will see that our spies keep their eyes open, and tell you about the Whit week-end next week.

Lord and Lady Weymouth

Having lunch together in Jermyn Street. Her hat was an off-the-face taffeta one, and she had a white frilled jabot on her black dress

Miss Mala Brand

Was wearing white, and was having supper at the San Marco

A Patriotic Feeling

MEANWHILE, I can't help feeling that it 's a shame that all that money and all those amusing people should be allowed to escape from this country.

Being all-British, as we always have been, but more so in this year of the Jubilee, and all that sort of thing, we feel coming over us, increasingly, that if only beautiful hunting-grounds were available in England, it would be unnecessary for us to pack up our trunk, cope with that beastly Channel, and line up to be fleeced, whether the franc is on or off gold, in a foreign country.

Bassano

Miss Myra Drummond

Is the daughter of the new Deputy Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, Colonel the Hon. Maurice Drummond, and Mrs. Drummond, of Hill Place, Farnham Common, Bucks. She is engaged to Martin R. Soames, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Soames' son

The Derby Ball "Went"

WE were late arriving at the Derby Ball at Grosvenor House, and cursed ourselves for our slackness, as it appeared to be lots of fun.

Charity balls are not much in our line, excellent institutions though they are, but this particular party always seems entirely different. The fact that it is gayer, smarter, and much more like a private affair, is due to Lady Milbanke, who works like a Trojan every year to make it "go," and definitely succeeds. Everyone either takes or joins a party, and tickets are scrambled for like a private pay-party, instead of being hawked round at deadly committee tea-fights.

Good Views

MISS ULRICA THYNNE was one of the prettiest girls there that night. I caught only a glimpse of Lady Diana Cooper, fair, frail and lovely, as she was leaving. Lord Northampton was dancing energetically, and I saw Lady Edward Hay's natural platinum-blonde head disappearing up the staircase. Without telling you any more about it, you can imagine it was much more of a party than the usual charity ball.

It was a pity that the bidding for the auctioned canvas was not more snappy, but the "auctioneeress's" truculent asides gave us something to talk about afterwards!

Lenare

Miss Felicity Bailey

Had one of the biggest "deb" dances of last week given for her, in Audley Square, by her mother, Lady Janet Bailey, who is Lord Inchcape's sister. Felicity Bailey was presented in March

Bertram Park

Miss Anne Hope

Is another 1935 debutante, and is going to a June Court with her mother, the Hon. Lady Hope. Her father was the late Sir John Hope, of Pinkie House, Musselburgh

We Want Atmosphere—

STILL feeling very wide awake at three a.m., we repaired to a Harlemish joint in Frith Street which has a real night-club atmosphere if ever there was one. Now nobody ever pays any attention to this, but we have contended for years that the object of dance music is to get people off their chairs and make them dance. We told Mr. Poulsen years ago, when we saw the plans of his club at Datchett, that we thought he could save himself a great deal of expense if he put up a mock shack, more like the old Frisco's up on the hills in Biarritz, instead of taking the trouble to build a Ritz by the side of the Thames. It is true that Poulsen's Datchett Club was a success until it was unfortunately burned down a few weeks ago, but, nevertheless, we still contend that he could have made just as much money as we presume he did by an expenditure of one-fiftieth of the capital. In other words, we think that what people like is good music, atmosphere.

—And Music

ALL we know is that even when we are on the water-wagon, as occasionally happens to us, we drag ourselves round to a band which is pseudo-symphonic rather than rhythmic, at some grand place or other at enormous cost, for dinner and early supper: we then proceed, long after we ought to be in bed, to a bottle-party, where five indifferent musicians who simply have the idea, assist in preventing us from sitting at our tables. You will find every night in these places people who are the Editor's idea of heaven, dancing themselves silly until the small hours—not that they want to, but they just can't help it. The fact of the matter is that there is a fetish about dance music in this country. People seem to think that the more expensive a band, the better it is. We

Bassano

Lenare

Viscount Maidstone and Countess Gladys Széchényi

Lord Maidstone, who is nearly twenty-four, is the Earl and Countess of Winchilsea and Nottingham's only son. He is engaged to Countess Gladys Széchényi, who is the third daughter of the Hungarian Minister, Count László Széchényi, and Countess László Széchényi

GOING OUT TO GOINGS - ON

(Continued from page 475)

agree that " the Ritz is usually cheaper in the end," but dance music is the one exception.

If you talk to a band leader you will find that he will agree with what we say, but he will always contend that he gets so many Poona colonels complaining if he plays anything except a march, polka, mazurka, or valse (with a V), that the poor fellow, in desperation, gives up trying to play anything that normal people can dance to.

Dingy, But Smart

THIS Harlemish place in Frith Street, which has a real night-club atmosphere, has been a riot for the last two or three weeks. It is small, dark, and dingy. It is nightly and tightly packed with all the best people, in very large inverted commas. All the people who are news in the social columns flock there, girls who are young, pretty, and rich, cavaliers who are wise, witty, and gay.

When we were there the other night, a famous film star's just ex-husband came up to us and asked us not to mention either his presence or the presence of a " young-married " who was with him. We turned round very much on our uppers and we said : " Oh, don't you tell Mussolini who 's here with us."

A Maddening Fate

IT 's hard luck to be a popular young man and to get stricken with a tiresome childish illness like scarlet fever just at this time of year.

Mr. Michael Renshaw was in the midst of a week-end house-party when this maddening fate befell him, and I am more sorry for him than ever, because he was just off to Cannes for a brief holiday, which means a lot to a hard-working young man who has never seen the Côte d'Azur before.

In addition, Mr. Renshaw is very musical and an ardent " opera-ite," and would probably have chosen to be ill at any other time of the year. It is all what is known as " very hard cheese."

Mr. Cecil Lomax and the Hon. Elizabeth Brand

Were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Monday of Derby week. He was in the 9th, and is the son of the late J. C. Lomax, and Mrs. Lomax, of Chapel Street, S.W.1. She is Viscount and Viscountess Brand's third daughter

Lord and Lady Brougham and Vaux

Leaving Caxton Hall after their wedding last week. The new Lady Brougham and Vaux was Jean Follett, the only daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. G. B. S. Follett, and Lady Mildred FitzGerald

Their Surprising Youthfulness

THE extraordinary youthfulness of women to-day is a source of never-ending surprise to us.

Years ago, in the dim ages, we used dreadful expressions, such as " well-preserved," and " marvellous for her age," about women of thirty and thirty-five. Nowadays, at thirty and thereabouts, some of them look as if they must have faked their passport to get into a casino. I cannot get used to the idea of Mrs. Laura Royston with a son who boasts an incipient moustache, and who is a head taller than she is.

It seems equally fantastic to see pretty Mrs. John Goodenday with a daughter towering above her; and as for Mrs. Sydney Emanuel, I find myself wondering whose fault it is that that little girl is up so late !

The most beautiful of all is Mrs. James Beck, who is so admirably suited by the quaint style of dressing that she affects. I saw her lunching at the Savoy with her brother, Lord Glenconner, the other day. Both he and her younger brother, David Tennant, are extraordinarily good-looking. It is very seldom that one finds a family with such looks on both sides.

Page Greaves

Photographs on Show

Mrs. Amherst Villiers was at the first showing of the camera-work of Fayer, the Viennese photographer, who is holding an exhibition of photographic portraits at Dorland House

A Medium-Sized Party

WE didn 't get asked to any outsize party arranged for Derby night. Mr. and Mrs. Corlette Glorney had a medium-sized dinner-party at the Ritz; it *would* have been a good idea if her horse, Assignation, could have managed to do something spectacular that day.

She has had such very bad luck this season, and taken it in such a sporting way. We put a little each way on that animal ourselves, but even that didn 't make it win.

The most hospitable of all the Maharajas was also a certainty for some sort of party. He wouldn't be happy if he didn't have one.

Last year, not *knowing* that he was going to win the Derby, he ordered a table at the Savoy for ten or twelve, and when the victory became known, people swarmed in and surrounded the table until, in the end, neither the host nor any of the original guests had room to sit down !

MISS PEEPS

Out and About

For Once the Gallery Is *Not* of Debutantes

Bassano

Miss Amalia Demetriadi

Amalia Demetriadi is Sir Stephen and Lady Demetriadi's only and very lovely daughter; she is doing her third season this year, having come out in 1933. Her father is an East Indian magnate; her mother comes from Sussex, where her family now live, near Lewes. She was one of the bridesmaids at the Healing-Petre wedding two weeks ago

Tunbridge

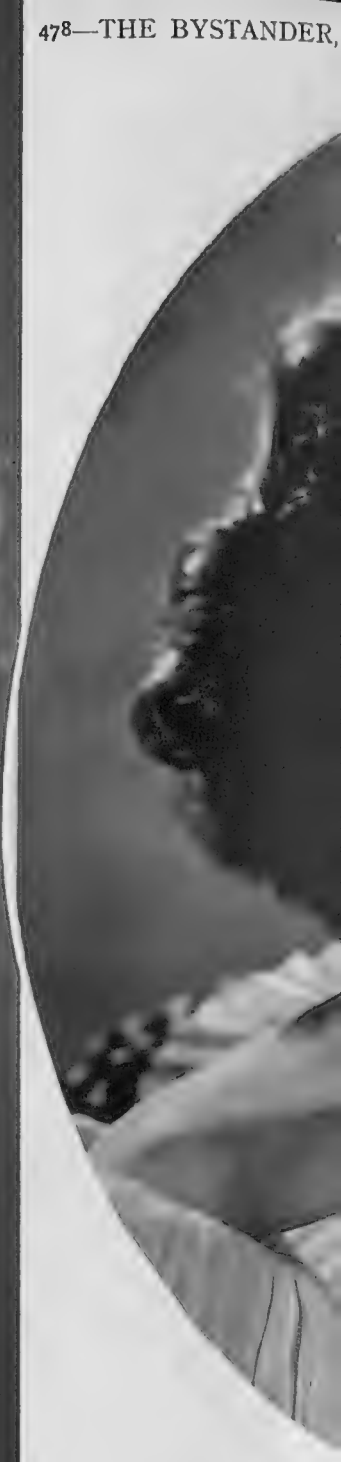
The Hon. Patricia Berry

Here is Lord and Lady Camrose's third daughter, twenty this year, and very attractive, with dark hair and grey eyes set far apart. She is the only unmarried Berry sister going around now that Sheila Berry has become Lady Birkenhead. Her eldest sister is Mrs. Ronald McNair Scott, and the youngest of the four, Diana Phyllis, is only eleven this year

Lenare

Miss Florrie Owen

Florrie Owen, third of the trio, is a nineteen-year-old, came out last year, and has been a hundred per cent. popular ever since, for she is very pretty and full of spirits. Her father is Mr. Richard Owen who has come over from Paris this summer and taken a London house for himself and his daughter. Her mother, Mrs. C. du Pont Coudert, is American, and a sister of Lady (Denzil) Cope



Photograp
"Bystander"

Vivien Leigh

IT is not often that a young actress achieves fame in a night, but such is the happy experience of Vivien Leigh at the age of nineteen. Born in India, she is married to a London barrister, and has a daughter of eighteen months. But though launched in domesticity, yet she found time to continue her stage career—often with disappointments—after having received a course of training at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. An engagement for two short films was all her professional experience, except for a part in *The Green Sash*, which was produced at Kew. But it was at Kew that she was seen by Sydney Carroll, who, realising her possibilities, cast Vivien Leigh for the part of Henriette Duquesnoy, an attractive young cocotte, in Ashley Dukes' adaptation of *The Mask of Virtue*. It was her performance at the Ambassadors in this play, which has now been transferred to the St. James's, which set London talking and made the impresarios of the film world anxious to secure her services at a figure which seems almost fantastic. Possessed of beauty of face and figure, as can be seen from the photographs on these pages, and an obvious flair for the profession she has adopted, Vivien Leigh's future career will be watched with the greatest interest

A Twentieth Century Miss in an Eighteenth Century Play

Vivien Leigh in *The Mask of Virtue*

s taken for the
y John Everard

Ninette de Valois

Who Is Ballerina, Choreographer, Ballet-Mistress, Business Woman

As the Tight-rope Walker in "Douanes"

NINETTE DE VALOIS is as much responsible for the present amazingly promising state of English ballet as is Lilian Baylis for the existence of its home, Sadler's Wells, and Markova for the enormous enthusiasm and regularity of its audiences. She is first of all the producer of the Vic-Wells company, and, as such, responsible for the dancers, designers, composers, choreography. Then it is to her that the corps de ballet owe their training, for it is from members of her dancing school that the Company has been built up. Next, she is the leading English choreographer, *Job*, *The Haunted Ballroom*, *Douanes*, and the newest ballet, *The Rake's Progress* being her most important works. Further, she is a more than competent business woman to whom the financial success of the company is largely due. And finally she is herself a ballerina, though her appearances nowadays are very rare. She trained under the famous master, Cechetti, and after appearing for nine years on the stage and at Covent Garden, she spent three years touring with Diaghileff's company. Her first administrative job was as director of the ballet at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, whence she went to the Old Vic in 1928, and was appointed producer to the Vic-Wells Company in 1931. This year, for the first time, she has seen her company give a West-End season, and this week she has gone off with them on their first provincial tour, starting in Blackpool on Monday

The Aga Khan's Derby—Royalty Watch the Race

Members of the Royal Family watching the race from the royal box. From l. to r., Prince Arthur of Connaught, Princess Nicholas of Greece, the Duke of York, the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of York, the Duke of Kent, the Queen, Prince Nicholas of Greece, the King, Brig. H. A. Tomkinson, and (extreme right) the Duke of Gloucester

The Aga Khan receiving enthusiastic congratulations as he leads in the favourite, Bahram (F. Fox up), after winning the Derby from Robin Goodfellow and Field Trial

A Racing Reverie

Epsom and Elsewhere

By "Regular"

WHEN you heard that the Derby had been won very easily by the hot favourite, Bahram, as every reputable judge of racing had expected it would be, you may have come to the conclusion that it was a dull Derby; you couldn't have been more wrong. The Aga is the most lavish supporter of racing in this country, and, apart from one's financial gains, his victory was tremendously popular.

BAHRAM'S Derby was wonderfully thrilling, if simply for the fact that it gave the opportunity to a great horse to prove what a real smasher he is—and how he proved it! After the race, a young man who should have known better remarked what a pity it was that Bobsleigh had not been able to run as he would have trotted it. This seemed a trifle ungracious to Bahram, who had just won the race so convincingly. While I agree that it was a pity Bobsleigh could not run, I do not believe that the horse was ever foaled that would have beaten Bahram.

AFTER the race, over a glass of champagne, the Aga and the Begum told me that they had not slept for two nights, so worried and worked up were they over the race. My reply was that the Mem and I would have slept for many a night on the Embankment if he had been beaten. In the event of defeat, the Aga would not have been shy of a square meal, but there were several people in the Members' and in the stalls who would have had to go very short.

THE feature of the betting was the opposition in the Ring, and more particularly on the "Tote," to Bahram. Here was a horse who had never done anything wrong, but the little punters just wouldn't have him, and so he was allowed to start at the most marvellously generous odds.

WE must offer our heartiest congratulations to the Aga Khan and to Frank Butters, who trained him so well, and Freddy Fox, who rode him to perfection. I am delighted also that my gilt-edged each-way bet for the little punter, Field Trial, got a place. Just for once, Uncle Regular wasn't such a bad tipster. He told you the winner was a certainty, but he advised also an each-way bet on Field Trial. The race has only been run a couple of hours ago, and to-night I am going to the Aga's party, of which I may make some small mention next week.

No matter whether you have won over the Derby and would like to celebrate your win, or have lost and are anxious to forget your losses, you must go to the Feathers Club Party at the Dorchester on Thursday, June 13th.

Lord Westmorland tells me that this is going to be SOME party, with dancing, and a cabaret that will knock you all cold. You can take it from me that this is a winner, because "Burghey" has never put me on a loser yet. Tickets, £2 2s., can be obtained from the Earl of Westmorland, 86, Strand, W.C.2, and dinner is at 9 p.m.

THE Feathers Clubs are run on different lines from those adopted by orthodox charitable institutions. They are, in fact, CLUBS. They are managed by the members, who elect their own committees, and members know that in their club they have a place which they can call their own. It is difficult to describe how much this means to the very poor or unemployed. Centres of friendship, occupation and hope, they rekindle courage and confidence in those who have gone through the misery of continuous poverty. Membership is limited to men and women of little or no resources.

As the guest of my friend "Jumbo" Jolliffe, I couldn't have enjoyed the Derby Club Dinner more, and it did my heart good to see the way that both members and guests, exhorted by Sir Alfred Butt, clubbed together so that "Issy" Isaacs will be assured of a good square meal at least once a day for some time to come.

The dinner was excellent, the company congenial, the wine magnificent, and Lord Derby made one of the most charming speeches I have ever had the pleasure to listen to. While some speakers make one feel like a worm living with a lot of other worms, Lord Derby makes one feel one 's the hell of a good fellow, among a lot of other good fellows.

CHEERLESS and very un-June-like weather ushered in the first day of Derby week, while the programme was nothing to go wild about. The day, however, was made memorable by the finest piece of riding, on the part of Gordon Richards on Damascus, I have ever seen in my life.

COMPARISONS are odious, and have before now got me into trouble, but I say here and now, and I don't give a damn who reads it, that no jockey, living or dead, would have won on Damascus bar Gordon. From this statement I do not want you for one second to think that I wish to disparage Donoghue's effort on Trapper, which finished second. Steve rode a grand race, for it must be remembered that, while Gordon was riding a very game animal, Steve was partnered with a horse that has cut it more times than a hardened bigamist. While Gordon was riding all he knew, Steve was almost afraid to move, but nevertheless, twenty yards from the winning-post, it appeared 100-1 on Trapper. In the last few strides, however, Gordon fairly lifted Damascus (no other words can describe it), and he won by a short head.

I HAVE never regarded the Woodcote Stakes, run over six furlongs, as the ideal medium for producing one's best two-year-old and indulging in a gamble. Unless you have galloped the animal down a corrugated iron roof, it has never previously experienced anything like Epsom, and it 's a pound to a bun that it won't be able to act on the course.

BASIL BRISCOE apparently has other ideas, and he produced Miss Paget's Oswyn filly by Fairway, and betted on it till the cows came home. Oswyn filly, however, came down the hill like a child coming downstairs for the first time, and by the time it reached the last step the Lady Abbess filly, the winner of the ghastly schemozzle at Newmarket, was ten lengths clear, and though the Oswyn filly put in some sterling work on the flat, it was all too late, and Lady Abbess filly won comfortably, much to the delight of those of us who stuck to our prejudices. The Oswyn filly, however, may possibly train on into the best two-year-old in the country.

Page Greaves

The Chairman and the Clowns

Lady Milbanke is with the Arnaut Brothers, who wore their best silks and satins for their "bird" turn in the cabaret. If they are the most popular clowns in London, Lady Milbanke certainly produces one of the best charity balls of the year

Mr. Jack Creighton talking to the Hon. Mrs. James Beck, who was one of the committee, and Lady Westmorland, who was a patron and was in Mrs. Corrigan's enormous dinner-party for the Duke and Duchess of Kent

Page Greaves

The Duchess of Rutland, one of the eight Duchesses on the list of patrons and committee, and Major "Fruity" Metcalfe were both at the Corrigan dinner-party

Above: the Marquis de Cappelli talking to two of the programme-sellers, Lady Ursula Manners and the Hon. Patricia Berry

Left: Lady Churston, who was looking very attractive, is with Mr. Jim Lawrence on the balcony of the enormous ball-room

Right: Lady Adare, who is with her husband, was another member of the committee; she was Nancy Yuille, of New York, and married Lord Adare last year

Page Greaves

Miss Sheila Roche talking to the Maharaja of Rajpipla. The Ball was at Grosvenor House, and was in aid of the Rosemary Ednam Ward of the Royal Northern Hospital

Above: Major Foster, Baron Radowitz, Countess Paul Munster, Lady Bridget Parsons, Mr. Strassburger, the Hon. Mrs. Edwin Montagu, and Lord Westmorland

The Derby Ball

A Charity "Classic," With Lady Milbanke as Chairman and "Everyone" on the Committee List

Right: Lady Dalkeith dancing with the Duke of Marlborough

Page Greaves

Below, left: the Duchess of Kent on her way to the dance floor with her mother, Princess Nicholas of Greece, and Lady Milbanke. Her net cape was dark blue, over a white crêpe dress

Below are Lady O'Neill and Mrs. Desmond FitzGerald arriving — and where would you find a nicer-looking couple in conversation?

A "Brigade" Party

Mr. Giles Vandeleur Entertains

Agatha Carroll was one of the attractive collection of women at this very "guardee" party; she is talking to Roger Harvey, who is in the Scots Guards

Below are the youngest of the Meyrick sisters, Irene Meyrick, and C. K. Finlay, who is in the Irish Guards, the same regiment as his host

Above are the Hon. Mrs. Vivian Jackson, Lord Newborough's daughter, and the Master of Glamis, another Scots Guardsman, and a nephew of the Duchess of York

Mrs. Ereld Cardiff is with the Hon. Thomas Fermor-Hesketh, Lord Hesketh's eldest son; he and Ereld Cardiff are both in the Scots Guards

Below: another couple of young-marrieds who drank champagne cocktails with Giles Vandeleur were the Emerson Bainbridges

Above: Major and Mrs. Jack Durham-Matthews were two of the married at the Vandeleur party. He is in the Irish Guards; she was Hilary Keating. They featured in the Kitzbühl news in January, when they had a party out there

Left: Giles Vandeleur, the Irish Guards host of the evening, and the very pretty Mrs. Edward Alston, whose husband is in the Scots Guards

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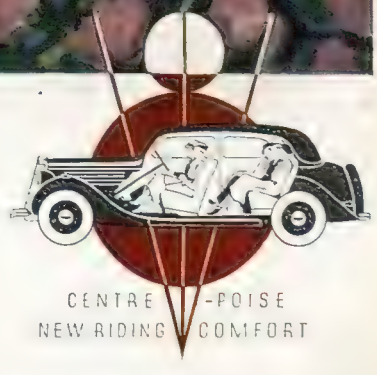

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KESTOS
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Royal Lytham and St. Annes

Its Links and Personalities

By J. S. F. Morrison

ST. ANNES is certainly one of the most pleasant places to watch golf, if play takes place over the links of the Royal Lytham and St. Annes Golf Club. From the verandah at the west of the club-house all the play, from tee to green, at the first hole—which is a one-shot hole of 215 yards and which, with an east wind blowing, as it did during the Championship, leaves the player in doubt whether to take a spoon or big iron—can be seen. From the windows of the club-house all the play at the eighteenth hole is visible ; this hole measures 351 yards, and, with an east wind, can be played by a player like Tolley with a full drive and a half-shot with an umbrella. How easily the putting can be watched may be realised when I inform you that during this Championship the hole on the eighteenth green was cut only twenty-two yards from the walls of the club-house, and that this is a normal position.

The follower of golf matches who is not too energetic has an easy time. After selecting the match which he will watch, he follows the players for the first two holes, then waits at the fourth green, which is close to the second ; having seen the tee shots to the third and approach shots to the fourth, he must walk the fifth and sixth holes. He will now leave this match and probably partake of light refreshment in a marquee in the shade of a small plantation between the eleventh and thirteenth greens.

This marquee made an admirable headquarters. He can spend his time flitting backwards and forwards to see the play at the eleventh and thirteenth holes while waiting for the match with which he started to reach the eleventh green ; or may possibly pick up another match which appears likely to end in an exciting finish and follow it to the fifteenth green, where he can wait, as the seventeenth green is alongside the sixteenth tee, and if the match goes to the eighteenth green he can proceed, for the first time with haste, to the club-house, which, as I have written before, makes an excellent grandstand to watch the putting and, if necessary, the nineteenth hole.

Major F. Saunders and R. L. Hazell making up their scores in the Open Amateur Golf Meeting at Coulsdon Court, Surrey

Robert and Charles Sweeny (Addington), competitors in the Open Amateur Golf Meeting at Coulsdon Court. The former returned the second-best score of 77 and 72

THE fairways looked dreadful and they were certainly very bare, but I saw very few players get bad lies, especially after the fairways had been trampled down by the crowd and numerous players, plus caddies. I did not hear a single good player complain that he had lost a hole through getting a bad lie. The greens were as good as putting greens can be, but, in my opinion, too easy a pace : they were watered every night and consequently never got really fast and slippery, and thus deprived the spectators of no small amount of amusement and the players of anxious moments. To get down in two from ten yards on slippery greens is no easy task except for the putter with a velvet touch.

THE Royal Lytham and St. Annes Golf Club was fortunate to have as captain of the club at a time when a championship was being played on its links a man who has not only played in many championships, but been victorious. I refer to A. W. Smith, who is known to the golfing world as "Smiter" Smith, owing to the tremendous distances he used to hit the ball. Alas ! owing to operations, Smith's golfing days are now over, but his interest in the game continues ; it was largely due to his efforts that the leatherjackets at St. Annes were defeated and the course made fit for championship golf ; he also refereed the final in a quiet and efficient manner. Too many referees—not only at the game of golf—on a big occasion like to appear important, a habit which seldom impresses the onlookers and often annoys the players.

The arrangements made for the comfort of the competitors both off and on the links were admirable ; everyone was made to feel at home, whether he was a distinguished golfer or the reverse.

A LOCAL celebrity present at this Championship was Mrs. T. Miller, who, as Miss Issette Pearson, was defeated by Lady Margaret Scott in the finals of the first two Ladies' Championships played in 1893 and 1894. Mrs. Miller was responsible for the formation of the Ladies' Golf Union, and in the early days did more than anyone else for the good of women's golf ; the club very kindly provided her with a chair in the flower-beds behind the first tee, from where she must have seen a large variety of shots : one player from this tee hit a commissionaire, and another a policeman. The penalty for hitting a policeman is usually greater than merely loss of distance.

P. W. L. Risdon, winner of the "Welcomes Gold Vase" for the third successive year, and Major A. J. Michell-Clarke (Coombe Hill) playing at Coulsdon Court in the Open Amateur Golf Meeting

THE number of spectators was not as large as usual on the first five days, but on the afternoon of the final the gallery was as big as any usually seen on other championship courses except Prestwich and St. Andrews. The spectators were well-managed and also well-behaved and did what they were told by the stewards ; there was none of the "Players be bothered !—we have come here to see," that is experienced too often on the championship links in Scotland.

The course provided an excellent test of the game : the second shots are often tight, but not so tight that the player contemplates playing short for safety.

Not a single one of the champions of England, Scotland, Ireland, or Wales survived the first round, and the Irish Open Amateur champion shared the same fate. The latter is Hector Thomson, whom I fancied most of the home products to extend Lawson Little.

The local hero at Hollinwell in the English Championship was Cradock-Hartopp, who was one of the youngest competitors. At St. Annes the local hero was an elderly gentleman, nearly sixty years of age, W. Parkinson, who knocked out a very good young player in A. L. Bentley, brother of the more famous Harry, and R. W. Knowles, of the Country Club, Brookline, U.S.A., before falling to a worthy Walker Cup player, E. F. Storey, by the narrow margin of 2 and 1. If Parkinson had played Storey a half-crown match instead of an honour-and-glory one, he would probably have won, as he would have been in receipt of at least two strokes.

Clubs Without Quarters

No. 5. The Match Club

By Charles Graves

Caricatures by H. H. Harris

Top to bottom :
Douglas Fish
Captain Craigie
Major Hezlet
Rex Hartley

DIEHARD supporter of foursomes and home of the money match, it was thirty-eight years ago that the Golf Match Club was founded. It has a membership of about seventy, and meets for dinner at White's Club on the third Thursday of every month from October to May. The membership is very select; and a number of scratch golfers who are not regarded as good losers, have failed to get elected.

The object of the Club is to enable cheerful golfers to dine together and to make and play matches. There is a yearly subscription of a pound, and members who do not attend at least one dinner a year automatically cease to be members. If you are bringing a guest you must give at least three days' notice to the Recorder (Douglas Fish), and it is left to his discretion to decide whether there is enough room for the guest. Usually there is.

THE procedure is as follows: Members and guests sit down to dinner. Food is served: so is wine. At a psychological moment various members suggest to one another that they shall play a thirty-six-hole foursomes match on a certain day on a certain course. Although several of the members have longish handicaps, the matches are played without strokes. Let us suppose that John Craigie is sitting near Gerry Ritson only a seat or two away from Rear-Admiral Basil Brooke and Clive Burn. John Craigie leans across the table and suggests the match at Woking. The date and place is agreed upon. Elsewhere similar matches are made, perhaps eight or ten in the course of the evening. (There may be a certain amount of haggling as to the course, but there is no question of giving strokes, as I have said.) When the port comes round, Douglas Fish gets up on his hind legs and proceeds to read out the matches that have been made. He then says "Principals first," whereupon John Craigie and Gerry Ritson announce that they will play for two-pound corners. In addition, John Craigie may say that he has five pounds on the side with Clive Burn. The market is then open. "Buns" Cartwright will say "I 'll have ten pounds." This means that he is backing the first two names of the match—that is to say, Craigie and Ritson. Somebody else will say, "Taken," and so it goes.

Then if "Buns" Cartwright or someone else takes a very strong view, he may even lay odds on the side he is backing. Ultimately there may be a couple of hundred pounds depending on the match, of which the principals themselves may only account for ten or fifteen pounds. Before the Depression it was not unusual for two or three hundred pounds to be wagered by the principals themselves, apart from the bets of the other members. To-day, on an average, about four hundred pounds is liable to change hands as the result of the matches made. There is, by the way, a minimum club stake of one pound for each principal taking part. It sometimes happens that one player may only have the club stake, while his partner will fancy his chances enough to have a hundred pounds on it.

"Buns" Cartwright, already mentioned, is one of the prime movers in the laying of odds. Tall and dark, and with a handicap of 9, he drives with an iron and recently reached the final of the Conservative Club Tournament. He used to be private secretary to the late Lord Birkenhead. He is very shrewd, curt, brusque, and very keen, almost pompous in fact, but an excellent loser as well as a first-class winner.

REAR-ADMIRAL BASIL BROOKE is one of the nicest men I know. He is a stuffy golfer who frequently plays with the Duke of York, and has a positively schoolgirl complexion. Clive Burn is very good-looking, and used to be Jack Courtauld's representative at Le Touquet. What he does not know about the cagnotte or the nineteenth hole is negligible. John Craigie is a greatly improved player in money matches. His putting was so bad, and he lost so many matches thereby that he now puts left-handed—and quite successfully. He is a typical product of the Brigade of Guards, and used to play racquets for Eton.

ANOTHER regular is Sir Harold Gillies, who used to use that very tall tee, and is unquestionably the best plastic surgeon in the world. What he does not know about Mayfair's busts is not worth knowing. George Hannay used to play racquets for Eton like John Craigie. He is a partner of Nick Prinsep—a stock jobber, in fact—with a grey moustache and the most artificial style in the world. He once won the French Championship about eleven years ago, beating Michael Scott. This was the culmination of a series of a hundred golf lessons from Holdwright, the Pro. in Regent's Park. On his day he is very effective. He is always a fine putter.

A QUIET golfer with a sense of humour whom you often see at the Match Club is Robert Harris. I have often heard the professionals say that if they had his hip-and-shoulder turn they would be far better players than they are. Major Charles Hezlet used to be one of the biggest bettors at the Match Club. He also used to play pretty high at Portland, but he has now built himself a house at Portrush and lives in Ireland.

(*Continued on page* viii)

Top to bottom.
Sir Harold Gillies
G. D. Hannay
Eric Martin Smith
"Buff" Beck

JUSTICE UNROBED

Our Judges at Home

No. 11

The Hon. Mr. Justice Farwell

Next Week: Sir Herbert du Parcq

The Hon. Mr. Justice Farwell in his drawing room. The portrait over the mantelpiece is of his father, Mr. Justice Farwell of the Chancery Division, afterwards Lord Justice Farwell

In His Study

MR. JUSTICE FARWELL, of the Chancery Division, had a father who was also Mr. Justice Farwell of the Chancery Division, and subsequently became Lord Justice Farwell. It would surprise no one if history repeated itself. The subject of our portrait is a modern judge, with modern methods. He does not believe in wasting time over unessentials, and will allow nobody else in his court to do so. If a case somewhere else has dragged out its hopeless, weary length for a week, you may hear a Chancery barrister say: "By Jove! If Farwell had tried this, he would have thrown it out in a couple of hours." The antithesis of his learned brother Crossman. "Why not come to the point?" he says to the tedious ones. Not very lawyer-like in appearance. For one thing, he has not the well-nourished appearance, the look of robust health usually to be found amongst judges. Julius Cæsar, who (according to Shakespeare) liked men that are fat, would have hated Mr. Justice Farwell; but amongst his contemporaries the Judge is popular enough. The Chancery Judges are a pretty strong team, and the subject of our portrait is by no means the worst of them.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Farwell

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Biography and Wit, Greater and Less

By A. G. Macdonell

THE book with the greatest amount of distinction this week comes from the Porpoise Press, and it is a biography of Andrew Fletcher, of Saltoun, by W. C. Mackenzie (15s.). It is virtually a history of Scotland in the stormy days between 1650 and 1716. It was a terrible period for Scotland. The devastating wars of Montrose were not long past, the hatred of the Lowlands for the Highlands was at its bitterest; Glencoe exacerbated bitternesses; the Darien disaster ruined thousands; and the first attempt of the Stuarts to recover their throne ended in calamity for many and sowed the seeds for a greater calamity still. During these years Fletcher was a prominent figure in literature and politics and earned, if not the love of his countrymen, at least their profound respect. He never looked for popularity, and he was never tolerant of fools or opponents. But he won a fine epitaph from a Whig who said, "He is a gentleman steady in his principles, of nice honour, with abundance of learning, brave as the sword he wears, and bold as a lion. He would lose his life readily to serve his country; and would not do a base thing to save it." This is too important a book to be treated in the limits of a short review. But it must be recorded that both for its style of presentment and its careful indexing, documentation, and notes, it is a model of what a biography ought to be.

Desmond Ryan

Whose new book, "Saint Eustace and the Albatross," is reviewed on this page

"ST. EUSTACE AND THE ALBATROSS" (Barker; 7s. 6d.), by Desmond Ryan, is the most magnificent riot. For sustained energy of folly, for wild absurdity, and for salvoes of wit, nonsense, and verbal luxuriance, it beats anything I have read for years. The invective alone is on a level with many a page of Urquhart's translation of Rabelais. The Albatross is a public house, and Eustace is the doyen of its frequenters, and the book is about the sensational doings of those frequenters and how they drank "three times three, a tiddley, and a binder," and how they fought in the lane outside, and roared and shouted and ground glasses to dust. Here you will meet the famous comedian, Tom Pepperpipe, "stewed to the eyebrows," Detective-Inspector Pillington, Armand and Victorine, the Links, those vulgar vendors of patent medicines, and the Old Owl, and Sid Glawp, "better known to a wider public as Clarence Dupont, whose fifty lurid covers, four plots, and one theme have sold by the hundred thousand under the titles: A Moment's Madness; Unscathed in Sodom; The Vamp and the Deacon; A Scoundrel Scorned; Almost a Virgin; A Whip for a Harlot; The Don Juan of Tooting Broadway; The Satyr in the Cloister; etc., etc."

And so the welter goes on, and drops away in a lovely falling cadence in the last paragraph: "And for Three Nights and Three Dawns the Albatrossians held the Funeral Feast, and then, having drunk nine times nine, and a tiddley, and a binder, they went their several ways."

"BRIGHTER BONDAGE" (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.) is an amusing book of a different sort. Miss Claudia Parsons, whose first novel I fancy it is, is a person of gay and comical wit. There is nothing riotous or Rabelaisian (in the true sense of the word) about her writing. Her heroine is a young widow who is not left enough money to live on and so takes various jobs in order to eke out her income, and the book is a series of descriptions of the jobs and the people she meets. It is, in effect, a collection of sketches rather than a novel. Mrs. March, the witty widow, visits Sweden to talk English to a Swedish family, and they very kindly help her with her English spelling which they know so much better than she does. She drives a party of old folks round Scotland in a still older car, and listens to the endless stories of the retired General about life in India, invariably ending up with the words, "I wanted to run the feller in."

A job with an American lady-student of Shakespeare is less successful, mainly, I think, because Miss Parsons falls into the bad trick of trying to reproduce the American lady's accent phonetically. The result of this is always the same. It annoys the reader, it distracts his attention from the meaning of the words, and it does not reproduce the accent phonetically. But apart from this, I enjoyed *Brighter Bondage* very much.

Mary Butts

From the drawing by her husband, Gabriel Aitken. Her book on Cleopatra, published by Heinemann, is reviewed on this page

MR. GEORGE BIRMINGHAM'S book of short stories, *Love or Money* (Methuen; 3s. 6d.), is terribly disappointing. Gone is the glorious humour of the earlier books, vanished is the superbly idiotic Reverend J. J. Meldon with his wild improvisations and his plausible extravagances, departed is the spirit of General John Regan. And all we have in their places are insipid little tales that lack point and pep and punch, and, what is more, are in some cases so absurdly out of date that I am astonished that they are included.

The reconstruction of classical scenes in the form of semi-fiction, semi-history, was a merry nineteenth-century sport. Flaubert was probably on the scratch mark in this event, with Bulwer Lytton getting a start of only a yard or two. In the twentieth century the pastime dwindled, but is now, thanks mainly to Mr. Robert Graves' two very splendid "Claudius" books, distinctly on the up-grade again. A new one is Miss Mary Butts' *Cleopatra* (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.). It is interesting and it is learned. Miss Butts has evidently studied her subject very carefully, and has made a determined effort to get behind Plutarch and his account of the Egyptian business. Miss Butts' case is best summed up in her own words: "She was a Greek princess who had inherited a large oriental property, in her case, a royal one." In other words, Cleopatra was a brilliantly clever and beautiful Hellene, unencumbered by the Nilotic glamour of cats and sphinxes and bird-gods that legend has piled up around her, a woman first and a queen afterwards, and the wife of two famous men and the mistress of no lover. This is Miss Butts' thesis, and she defends it with great skill. But I cannot agree with her opinion of Mr. Bernard Shaw's play. "Mr. Shaw himself follows tradition, a maddening, and what is worse, a vulgar version of it. It is one of his worst plays. His queen is a merry hussy, the kind of mindless, conscienceless woman he most dislikes. Ignoring history, he even has her ill-educated, a very young Aunt Sally for his crusade against sex-romance." Surely Mr. Shaw's Cleopatra is not a hussy, nor mindless. However, that is a matter of opinion. What is not a matter of opinion is the mysterious new spelling of Catilina which is creeping into modern books. Mr. Jack Lindsay started spelling it Catalina last year in his *Rome for Sale*, and Miss Butts follows him. I wondered at the time what his authority was, and I wonder now what hers is.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Embossed silk cloque is used for this coat and skirt from the ready-to-wear department on the second floor at Jay's, Regent Street. It is available in navy blue and black, and costs 9 guineas. The coat has wide revers which can be draped to suit the wearer, while the skirt is plain and slit at the hem. The blouse is in white silk organdie, with a contrasting design and pleated jabot. It has short sleeves and is enriched with pin tucks. There are, of course, many others in satin and printed crêpe, also smart accessories in which bag and gloves are made of the same material

Glorious Colours and Modish Fabrics

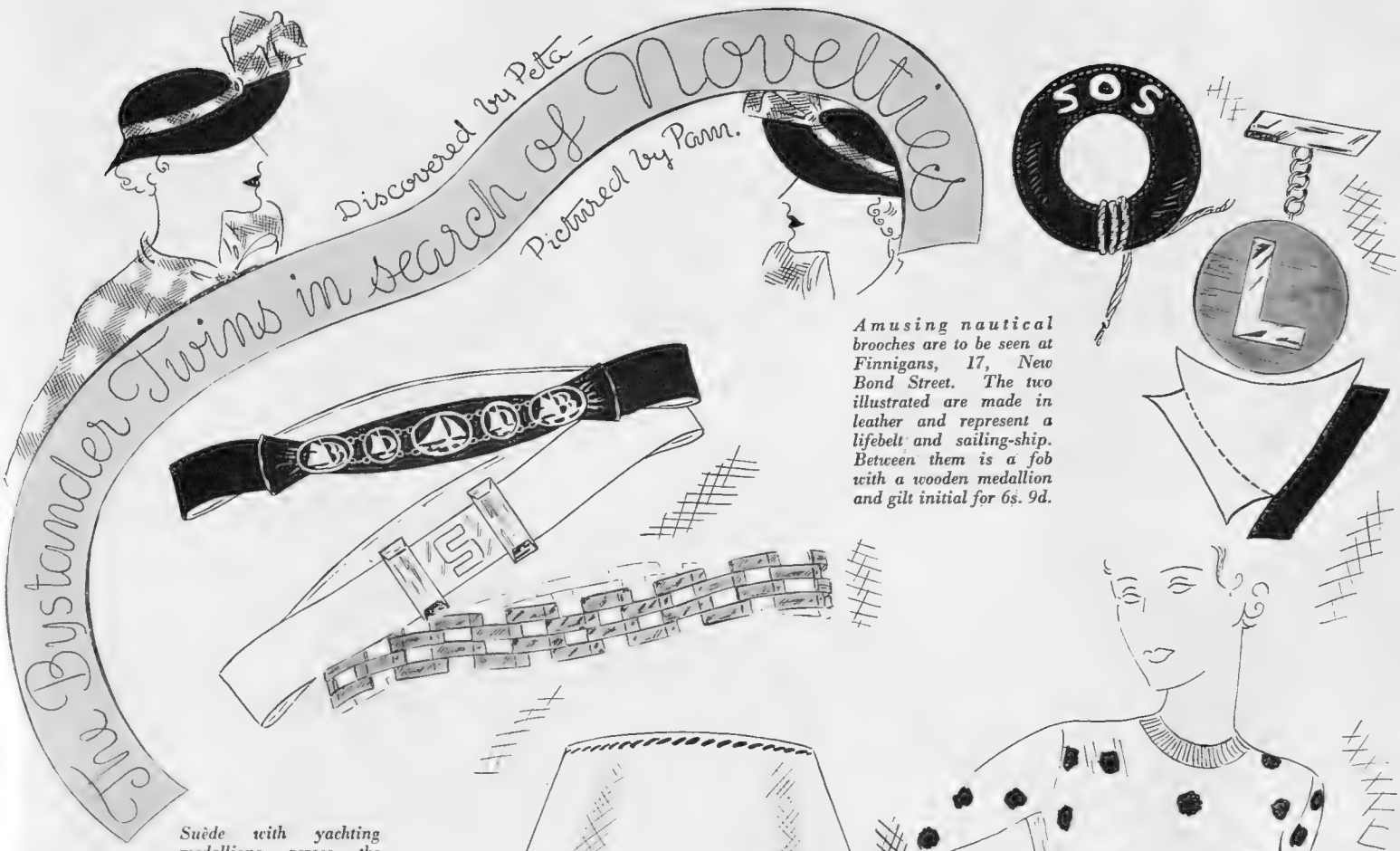
There is something different about the nightgown portrayed above, which is made in Celanese satin. It has puff sleeves, and is artistically trimmed with embroidery. On the left is another nightdress in the same material, but encrusted with ecru lace and accompanied by a short coatee with cape sleeves. These and all Celanese lingerie are obtainable practically everywhere, but should any difficulty be experienced, this firm, on application to Celanese House, Hanover Square, will gladly send the name and address of their nearest agent

Lenare

Now, with regard to Celanese materials, there is a new taffeta available in the loveliest of shades, which is guaranteed not to split. Then there is a special cruising crêpe which looks exactly like linen and has a "slub" design. It is ideal for sports clothes, as it will wash and is practically uncrushable. Another favourite is Celanese locknit, which is obtainable in fancy stripes, shirting stripes, and with a lace design. There is, of course, the plain, which is made in a variety of colours, including pastel shades

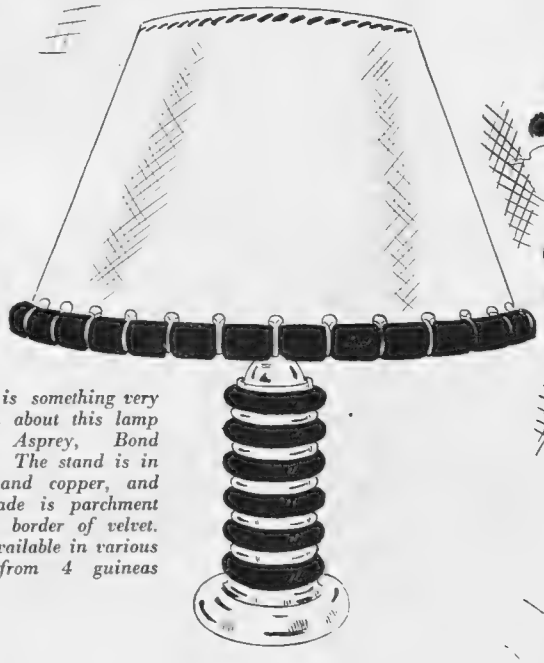
The Bystander Twins in search of Novelties

Discovered by Peta — Pictured by Pam.



Amusing nautical brooches are to be seen at Finnigans, 17, New Bond Street. The two illustrated are made in leather and represent a lifebelt and sailing-ship. Between them is a fob with a wooden medallion and gilt initial for 6s. 9d.

Suède with yachting medallions across the front makes the belt at the top of the page; while the buckle of the second is in wood with a gilt initial. All three come from Finnigans, and the third is in cellophane and costs 21s.



There is something very modern about this lamp from Asprey, Bond Street. The stand is in velvet and copper, and the shade is parchment with a border of velvet. It is available in various sizes from 4 guineas

Navy and white is the colour-scheme of this spotted cashmere sweater from Finnigans. It costs 59s. 6d., and has a small hip pocket on the left side. This firm make a special feature of sports clothes and smart knitted jumper suits

A luxurious feeling of comfort and freedom is obtained by wearing one of the Lastex yarn swim suits which are sold nearly everywhere. The one on the left is white with Union Jacks on the brassière and pocket. There is also a béret to accompany it

This non-spill glass-holder from Asprey, consists of a chromium stand with four or more tumblers. It can be carried as a tray or upside down, but whichever way it is tilted, the glasses always adjust themselves without upsetting

The new clubhouse at Wimbledon Park, which is to be officially opened on June 15th. It cost over £12,000, and must rank as one of the finest in the country

Golf Clubs at Home

Wimbledon Park

(1) T. W. Brown (captain) and T. S. Perry (secretary). (2) C. Burnley-Jones and John Ockleshaw (ex-captain). (3) A. T. Williams and Percival Marshall (president). (4) L. Finch-Noys, Major C. Williams, and A. G. Bonn (committee-men). (5) Captain J. T. Malane, E. S. Spencer (ex-captain and oldest member), and Major A. B. Walters. (6) "Jimmy" Sale and Frank Howett (committee-man). (7) Colonel E. Y. Daniel, F. E. Pitts, H. F. Chalkley (ex-captain), and Sir Percy Harris, M.P. (8) Ernest Jones and Rowland Jones (professionals), W. W. Glass (steward)

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

A Master of Fence

The Hon Ian Campbell-Gray, who took part in the fencing meeting at Ranelagh. He is an artist, and had an exhibition in New York last December. His mother is Baroness Gray and his elder brother, is the Master of Gray, who trains horses

Right: Someries House, the Maharaja of Jaipur's polo team, with their Cup, won after beating the 7th Hussars. L. to r., Captain M. P. Ansell, Captain R. B. B. B. Cooke, Captain C. T. I. Roark, and H.H. the Maharaja of Jaipur

Below: Miss Wanda Morgan, winner of the Women's Championship, and Miss Pam Barton, runner-up, in the foreground. At the back, Miss Nan Baird, captain of the Scottish team, which won the International Shield, and Miss Mervyn Barton, a Championship semi-finalist

Hurlingham Winners

The Women's Golf Championship in Belfast

A Father Looks On

Lord Donoughmore, who is becoming a regular spectator at tournaments, though only walking with the aid of two sticks, with his only daughter, Lady Doreen Pleydell-Bouverie (left) and Miss Alex McOstrich. Lady Doreen and Miss Alex McOstrich, doubles champion of Ireland with Mrs. Sperling, will join forces at Wimbledon

WHAT an amazing cricket season this is, to be sure! Look at May's crop of leg-before wicket victims—287 of them—and not all, mark you, under the new ruling which is being experimented with at the request of the mandarins at Lord's.

Again, take one shattering series of county matches at the start of this opulent June month—opulent, that is, from a sport, and not a weather, point of view. At the month's beginning, five county matches were over in two days! And in those five abbreviated games, thirty-three men were out leg-before!

What does it all show? Well, on the face of it, we must assume that the shadow of the new rule is proving menacing to our first-class batsmen. They are mightily afraid to use their pads; they are hesitating—and before they know where they are, some gleeful spin bowler, like "Tich" Freeman, has got 'em. Yet, against this argument we find Sutcliffe, of whom I wrote last week in reference to the prospect of his being discarded by England, making his runs with the same assurance and precision as in past seasons.

There was one mad Monday when Kent stumbled to defeat on a perilous batsman's wicket at Bradford. (Do they, by the way, still stoke up the factory chimneys when opponents are batting on the Bradford ground; or is that myth exploded?) However, there it was, from 107 for the loss of the glorious Frank Woolley's wicket, Kent formed a pavilion procession and added only 33 meagre runs. Yet they looked like winning till Sutcliffe, immaculate as ever and cool as ever, came out to equal W. G. Grace's long line of 126 centuries in big cricket, and, into the bargain, pilot Yorkshire to victory against the guile of "Father William" Freeman.

Does that show, I ask, that your pad-play batsman is fumbling against the menace of the new l.b.w. rule? I think not. And let me say that Sutcliffe is the master of modern pad-play; it is the most effective weapon in his armoury for parrying the thrusts of bowlers here and in Australia. No; it would seem that your great batsman, your master—and Sutcliffe is all that—will rise superior to any law which may hamper his art.

Meanwhile, as I forecast way back in the dark winter months, Freeman is getting a whole wicket harvest this summer. Didn't I say that the Kent bowler, who both toils and spins, had been reported to have expressed the opinion that he would very nearly double his formidable wicket "bag"? And so it seems, judging by the way he is working thus early.

AND now from cricket to boxing, which seems to be reawakening just now after a lull. Truth is, there have been some sterling fights among the little 'uns, but for your sure-fire gate draw you must put on the heavy brigade; though it seems that we are sadly deficient in heavy-weight stock these days. Nature must be in the mood to give you your first-class big fellow.

Still, we have just had the George Cook match with Pancho Villar, whom Jeff Dickson discovered on the Continent and brought over for a trial against that experienced old campaigner who has so often upset bright young hopes. By this

(Continued on page 496)

Above: the Rt. Hon. Stanley M. Bruce, the Australian Minister in London, with Sir John Wilson-Taylor, secretary of the Bath Club, when that club held a meeting at Sandwich

Right: Mr. Nicholson, the famous yacht designer, at the wheel, Mr Stephenson and his two daughters, Sheila and Daphne, acting as time-keepers aboard the Velsheda at the Royal Harwich Yacht Club's first meeting of the season

The Yacht-Racing Season Opens

Dutch Visitors at Cambridge

Cambridge University beat the International Club of Holland at Cambridge easily, and in the picture above of the combined teams will be seen E. Itoh, M. Bhandari, W. C. Choy, R. W. Higgin, C. R. Fawcus, A. H. Wright, who represented Cambridge; and the Dutch six, D. Teschmacher, G. Leembruggen, W. J. Heynen, F. Van de Graaff, J. D. Van den Berg, Jhr. F. Von Heyden. In mufti, centre, is C. Punt, the Dutch non-playing captain

Sport with the Lid Off *(Continued from page 495)*

time, of course, we know the result of that fight, and we can judge for ourselves how well Villar, who came with a convincing reputation, is worthy of our notice.

But we must look further ahead, to the contest between Jack Petersen, the British heavy-weight champion, and the blonde German, Walter Neusel. I think this is a very big test for the young Welshman, for he goes into the ring, after several months' absence, under a definite psychological disadvantage. Neusel has already beaten him. And that, may I say, is worth at least one or two of the opening rounds to any fighting man.

Again, I have a fancy that Neusel will be in even better shape than ever. When he met Len Harvey at Wembley before his first crack with Petersen, the German looked sadly out of his proper fighting trim. He trained desperately hard, however, for his bout with Petersen; and now, judging from what I have seen, he should be better than ever. For one thing, he has little weight to get off. Weight-reducing is weakening to a boxer; but this time Neusel has few worries. Indeed, his manager has decided that he shall only train every other day—a pretty sure sign that he is very well tuned-up for the test ahead.

MEANWHILE, we have rather a ludicrous situation in the world's heavy-weight class, for the International Boxing Union have decreed that Max Baer as ever was is not, in their view, the world's champion! Now this seems absurd. Still, the Union declare that they called upon Baer to defend his title against Pierre Charles, and the American, in the picturesque language he uses, just told them to run away and think things over.

What will happen if Baer defends his championship against Max Schmeling in London this summer? Well, I gather that England will recognise the contest as being for the world's crown; but all the other European nations will cold-shoulder it! Absurd? Of course; but it is just one more plank in the platform of those who hold that world's boxing should be controlled by one big international body. A sort of League of Boxing Nations, if you like, with definite authority.

I go a long way with this idea. It would, at any rate, avoid these absurd situations, which only make boxing control the laughing-stock of the rest of sport.

AND now to football, which, it seems, still crops up in the head-lines through the summer. Well, we find the Football League clubs at their recent meeting in London turning down the proposal that two referees should be engaged for every First and Second Division match next season. I think the clubs are right; after all, the bitter complaint that there are too many bad referees does not hold water. For a bad referee will still be a bad official if he has only one half of the ground to control.

What I am waiting to see is the Football Association go boldly forward with a scheme to employ professionals, at the end of their playing career, as officials. As things are now, it takes years to be a first-class referee—and these professionals would have to wait a mighty long time before they found themselves getting the good money which goes with refereeing in the League matches. But if they could be appointed—after a strict examination, of course—we should, I firmly believe, find the standard of refereeing improve almost at once.

Football certainly does need strong men in charge of the games. . . . They can be found readily among the best class of professional.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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Happy Week-End

The Bath Club Tournament Was Played at Sandwich

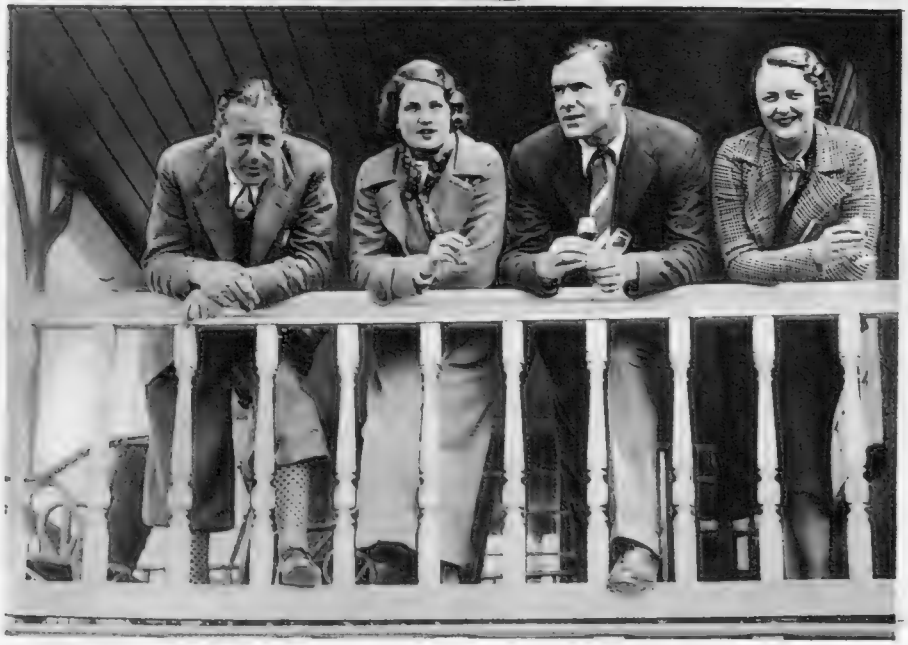
A Nice Game of Bridge for the Women

Some of the more energetic wives played golf as well; these two, not at this moment looking particularly energetic, are Lady Suirdale and Mrs. Gerald Verney

Above: the bridge four are Mrs. H. R. Shurey, Miss Richardson, with her back to the camera, Mrs. Peter Clive, her partner, whose husband was a golf semi-finalist, and Mrs. Kenneth Wagg; her husband departed in the fourth round

Left: Lord Westmorland is with S. Weigall, who won their second-round match by 6 and 4, but was then beaten by E. W. A. Richardson

Right: two second-round victims were Sir W. Gowers, beaten by G. M. Christian and Major Ian Hay Beith, who lost to G. S. Fort



Below: Lionel E. Frazer, Mrs. Coldstream, F. K. R. Coldstream, and Mrs. Christian on the clubhouse verandah. Frazer and Coldstream were two more competitors

Hamar Bagnall was beaten 4 and 3 in the second round by H. J. A. Hare; with him is Miss Connie Dawes, who is both entertaining and decorative, though this snapshot doesn't say so

Mrs. Christie, Miss Paterson (Moray), Miss Herdman (Gullane), and Miss Loudon, competitors in the "Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes. The former pair won their second-round match by 4 and 2

A group of competitors, including Miss N. Halstead (Walton Heath), Miss M. Butler (Pitlochry), Mrs. A. Mackenzie (Inverness), Miss J. Butler, and Miss H. Cairns (Nairn)

"Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes

at Lossiemouth (Moray).

By Eleanor E. Helme

Right: Mrs. A. Holm, Mrs. Symington (Troon), Miss C. M. Nicolson (Moray), Miss W. Drysdale (Moray). Mrs. Holm and Mrs. Symington won their first-round match

Right: Miss R. Rabbidge (Worplesdon), Miss S. A. Walker (Dunbar), Mrs. Walter Greenlees (Troon), and Miss Purris-Russell-Montgomery (Elie and Earlsferry). Miss Rabbidge and Mrs. Greenlees, partners, won their first match

DEAR BYSTANDER,

"THIS is Newcastle all over again," said everybody as they extricated themselves from luggage and clubs on arrival at Lossiemouth, and began telling each other of the devious and glorious routes that they had taken to reach Lossiemouth from Northern Ireland. This couple had braved Ballachulish and the ferry, that had searched Loch Ness (in vain) for the "Monster," another had watched deer above Dalwhinnie, but there was no lack of agreement that the day, and the scenery and everything else was perfection. The next morning it was raining. Very wholesome and helpful to the course, for Morayshire had had no rain since before the Jubilee, but a little trying, to say the least of it, to all those couples panting to be out and doing and settling once and for all whether the shorter handicap or the shorter player had better have the long carry at the thirteenth, the second shot at the sixteenth, above all, the second on to that most inviting green right under the club-house and the Stotfield. Some braved the elements, and came in wet and frozen—for the wind was blowing across the firth from the Sutherland hills with a nasty point of east in it—but unanimous about the splendid condition of the course, how lovely the fairways were for picking up the second shots, how beautiful the greens. The rest sat over the fires and fought again their Newcastle battles, and that is what I propose to do myself.

FRANKLY, it was one of the very best Opens there has been for many years, not only for the standard of play, high as that was, but because it brought the right people to the top, because the weather was perfection, and because Newcastle is not only the finest course, but the most hospitable club that the event ever visits. Nowhere do you get quite such unanimity on that point, and there no golfer is too concentrated on the game, the whole game, and nothing but the game to enjoy the glories of mountain and sea. Of course, there were a few backbitings and unkind gossip, and on that subject I mean to let fly to you when there is a moment's pause in the rush of events; but on one thing everybody was agreed: that they had enjoyed themselves quite enormously, and that a more popular champion than Miss Wanda Morgan could not possibly be found.

(*Continued on page 500*)

Above: Miss K. Mackay, Miss B. Wilson (Nairn), Miss Helen Nimmo (St. Rule), and Miss Benton (Moray). The latter couple were second-round winners

Left: watching the play: Miss Butler, Mrs. Stitt, Mrs. H. Harley (Bromborough), Miss M. W. Crawford (Gullane), Miss N. M. Fenton (Panmure), and Mrs. Farquharson (Panmure)

Gala night at the Summer Sporting Club

You dine, you dance under an open sky. You move from one to another of those pools of brilliance where the gamblers sit defying Chance . . . Laughter is in the air, and Music; "Feux d'artifice" shower splendour on the night and the hidden fires of excitement stir in your blood and quicken the beating of your pulse. Here, at the Summer Sporting Club, you are swept irresistibly forward on the tide of living: the epitome of pleasure in the modern world is achieved.

At Monte Carlo Beach the design for a perfect summer resort has been perfectly carried out. Hotels, restaurant, swimming pool, tennis courts, Summer Sporting Club have all been built at the very edge of the sea within a stone's throw of each other.

And it is not too far—a night's journey by rail, or a day's journey by air. And staying there is not expensive, even at the best hotels, where under an inclusive arrangement, you may take your meals without extra charge at the Sporting Club or the Beach Restaurant as well as in your hotel.

Monte Carlo Beach

Miss M. Cameron (Moray) driving from the first tee. The Moray club-house is in the background

"Bystander" Scottish Foursomes

(Continued from page 498)

She is almost the only golfer of whom you can never hear anything but good and liking, and that head of hers is far too well and humbly screwed on for success to make the slightest difference to it.

She has, in fact, held herself a bit too cheap in the past, not quite believed what a good golfer she was, or what great things she could do, and so, when crises arose, lack of faith made her falter, especially on the greens. This win means good-bye to all that: her putting was a model of all the virtues, and the way she repeatedly tweaked back a hole or two after losing some of her lead was grand.

Amazing recoveries and putting were Miss Pam Barton's strongest suit, something having temporarily got a little out of alignment in her swing, with rather errant results, but she is a grand loser. I took a snapshot of the two as they left the sixteenth green at the end of the final, and, truly, you would think from it that it was Miss Barton who had won, not Miss Morgan.

Now to run very briefly over the week's play. First, consternation. Champions falling like ninepins, including the holder, Mrs. Holm, who was suddenly deserted by her putting, and went out to Miss Doris Park; and Miss Fishwick, who could not cope with the tremendous promise of Miss Tiernan, an Irish youngster who looks like being champion of that country, if not of Great Britain, before many years, and, incidentally, might be Girl Champion this year. A real good golfer in every department, who went on to beat Miss McCulloch next day, but was put out in the afternoon by Miss Mervyn Barton. Miss Morgan beginning to show the grand mood she was in.

In fact, one way of telling you how good she was would be to give you a list of her scalps. You remember, she qualified equal third. Then her victims were Miss Audrey Holmes, 4 and 3; Miss M. Brown, from the Argentine, who had beaten Miss Corlett the day before, 2 and 1; Lady Eddis, 3 and 2; Miss Mary Johnson, 1 up; and in the semi-final, Miss Jessie Anderson (another future champion, if I mistake not), 2 and 1; then Miss Pam Barton in the final, 3 and 2, over thirty-six holes. Miss Barton beat Miss Jackson, 4 and 3; Miss Sherlock, 4 and 2; Mademoiselle Tollon, 4 and 2; Miss Doris Park, 4 and 3; and her own sister, 2 and 1. That sister's success was one of the great good things of the week; she is a beautiful golfer, and success to her, like Miss Morgan, can do nothing but good.

As for the kindness of the Club, those cream teas, those drives, that dance, a hundred-and-one generous, hospitable deeds winding-up with the glories of the Royal Ulster Show for three deeply appreciative travellers en route for Lossiemouth, there is no forgetting them.

And now Lossiemouth, where the Moray club have given a great welcome to the Foursomes, and everything is set for four days' real enjoyment, provided only the weather will warm up a little. As yet it feels more like Northern than Scottish Foursomes, and to those who were at Ganton or Lytham, Alwoodley or Woodhall, nothing more need be said.

However, whatever the weather, the first morning's play has shown that the low handicaps can give strokes here; perhaps it was the cold wind that helped, championship frequenters knowing better (from bitter experience) how to provide themselves with layers innumerable of wind-resisting clothes than those who only play fine-weather golf. At all events, only two pairs who were giving odds fell by the way, Miss Audrey Holmes and Miss Elaine Young, who put up a great show last year at North Berwick, but were beaten by Miss Martin Smith and Miss Barbara Steele, to whom they were struggling to give no fewer than eight strokes; and Dr. Morton and Mrs. Ballantine, who fell, taking those putts on the last green, in the attempt to give the same to Miss M. Cameron and Mrs. Wallace. But Mrs. Rome and Mrs. Coats gave 9 successfully, though Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Brash holed so many long putts against them that Mrs. Coats had to put a very difficult chip stone-dead at the eighteenth for the match; Miss Benton, who knows Moray backwards, and Miss Helen Nimmo gave 9 and won by 4 and 3; Miss Jean McLintock and Mrs. Scott Cochrane gave 8, and won 4 and 3. Mrs. Cruickshank, who won the Scottish Championship here in 1912 as Miss Dora Cruickshank, and Miss Chambers gave six successfully; and, stoutest work of all, Mrs. M. L. Clarke and Mrs. Austin Hudson gave 5 and won by 10 and 8, being only two over par when they had qualified to walk in out of the cold. Mrs. Andrew Holm and Mrs. Symington had a mere three to give, and were taken to the seventeenth by Miss Drysdale and Miss Nicolson, a promising daughter of Mrs. W. H. Nicolson, who won the Scottish Championship here in 1920; but one has a notion that Mrs. Holm is just working up to her best. Mrs. Walter Greenlees and Miss Rabbidge, back-markers of the tournament at 1, played extremely well to beat a pair of ex-holders, Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery and Miss Susan Walker, by 3 and 2, giving them four strokes.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

(To be continued next week.)

A general view of the Moray Links, Lossiemouth, showing Mrs. Alice Wylie (Milngavie) putting on the eighteenth green

Left: Miss Martin Smith (Knebworth), Miss B. Steele (North Berwick), Miss E. Young (Chigwell), and Miss A. B. Holmes (Thorndon Park)

Right: Mrs. Alice Wylie, Mrs. A. E. B. Craddock (Milngavie), Lady Fell (Ulverston), and Miss D. I. Clark (Formby)

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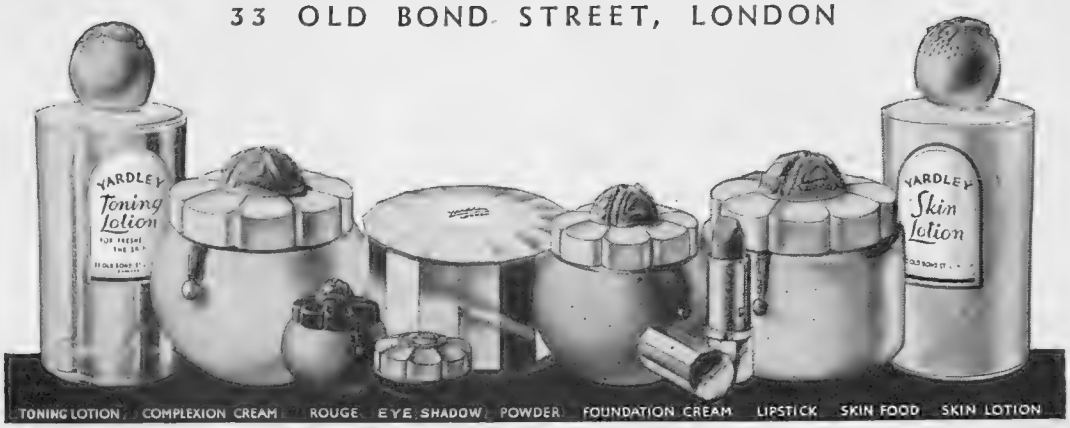

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Right: Miss L. Row, a welcome visitor, Champion of India, in play against Miss J. Hartigan, Champion of Australia and a Wimbledon semi-finalist, in the Chiswick Park Lawn Tennis Tournament

Below: Señorita Anita Lizana (right) Champion of Chili, with her chaperon and interpreter, Mrs. Brunton, and Miss Joy Cunningham, ex-junior champion of Middlesex

The Champion from Chile

Miss L. Row

Miss Joan Ingram

A triple winner at the Cambridge tournament, her best achievement was when, with Evelyn Dearman, she won twelve games running, to win the Women's Doubles Championship of Egypt against Helen Jacobs and Elizabeth Ryan

Lawn Tennis Letter

What Is Perry's Secret?

By "Passer-By"

DEAR BYSTANDER,

F. J. PERRY now wears a triple crown. He is Champion of Great Britain, the United States, and France; and no other player of any nationality has held these three titles in one and the same year. Has he not given recent proof of his supremacy in that he has defeated in succession Austin, Crawford, and Von Cramm, the three men ranked below him in the world's "First Ten"?

What is Perry's secret? He is not a born master of tactics like H. L. Doherty or Tilden; he does not launch a cannon-ball service or make a backhand drive with the fluent grace of R. F. Doherty, or with the meticulous accuracy of René Lacoste. He is not free from error under the sternest pressure; in the fierce heat of the Davis Cup challenge round, as one saw at Wimbledon last July, he needed two hours to subjugate F. X. Shields.

Judged by the old standard, Perry would not at present be deemed a master; but in view of Perry's methods and Perry's results, can he be judged by the old standard? Has he not, perhaps unconsciously, created a new type of game, a game that bears as much resemblance to the old as a horse vehicle does to an aeroplane?

BEFORE he came into prominence as a lawn tennis player, Perry was a ping-pong expert; he won the world's championship of that indoor pastime. The first champions at lawn tennis came from the rackets and the real tennis court. Perry has come from the ping-pong table. Here you have the explanation of his quicker stroke action, of his taking the ball on the rise, of his wonderful half-volleying, of the more intensive character of his play. Watching him in his early lawn tennis days, you realised that his quick footwork and forward lunges after striking the ball had not come via the usual channels, that the way in which he held the racket and swung it was associated with a celluloid ball, that, in short, he was defying tradition.

That Perry has come to Wimbledon fame through table tennis, a democratic game, is confirmed by his essential need for a firm and resilient surface. He has not Tilden's adaptability to play his best on any court, slow or fast. He must get the true and consistent bound, otherwise the rhythm of his rapid stroke-making is impaired and his quick reflex action is endangered. Flood the turf court with river water and leave behind a deposit of silt—and this is what happened to the Melbourne Championship court when the Yarra overflowed—and Perry's game goes all to pieces. Was he not beaten by Adrian Quist in three quick sets last January under such conditions?

Since Perry is a pioneer, since he has introduced a new system of play, is it surprising that his adversaries, trained in another school—a slower and perhaps more technical school—should have their morale shaken and their usual game disturbed? Perry beat Von Cramm in the final of the French Championship, not because he had more strokes at his command than the German, or because he was a superior strategist. He won because, by introducing the methods of the ping-pong player, the ball came to Von Cramm so much sooner than he expected. He was encountering a new type of attack, something which was forcing his hand unconsciously, something for which none of his previous matches had prepared him.

IS there an effective answer to Perry's table-tennis kind of lawn tennis? Not, in my opinion, unless the adversary can employ the service, the initial blow against the anchored receiver, to gain an initial advantage. It is significant that Perry's hardest matches at Wimbledon last year were against aggressive servers, and that Crawford beat him in the final of the Australian Championship by placing his service out of Perry's reach.

The man who wants to beat Perry must have a destructive service. He must also attack at short range; for it is only under extreme pressure that the methods of the ping-pong table can be shown to have limitations on the court.

If Perry were thought to be invincible, Wimbledon and the successive tournaments at which he competes would lose their spice of speculation. Wimbledon might also lose its interest for Perry. Neither of these alternatives is likely to occur. Half-a-dozen players know, and Perry probably knows himself, that his patent cannot for long remain unchallenged. But the man who is to dethrone Perry must possess certain essential qualifications. He must be able to stay five sets and to fight the fifth as keenly as the first. He must have studied Perry's methods and mental reactions.

I AM not sure that the Americans, with their service power and storming tactics, do not possess the best chance to lower his colours. For Perry's game is really more American than European. The Americans are, therefore, least afraid of it.

PASSER-BY.

VAT 69

LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

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Williams

Mainly About the Air Force

By Charles Ward

The Display at Hendon

THE Jubilee Display, which is the sixteenth occasion for the R.A.F. to show its paces to the public, will take place at Hendon on the last Saturday of this month. Amongst the 200 aircraft to be flown will be the "Comet" that won the Melbourne Race. It was bought from Scott and Black by the Air Ministry, and is being used for research into the problems of high-speed flight with medium power. Being unhampered by any military restrictions, de Havillands were able to secure 200 miles an hour with two up and petrol for 2500 miles, a considerably better figure than is obtained in the Service when using twice the horse-power of the "Comet." Monoplane construction, a retractable under-carriage, and a V.P. propeller, none of which are features of regular Service types, have contributed to success. There will be a parade of flying-boats, seven in all, operating from Felixstowe, and the usual fly-past of new and strange machines that are in process of development for future years. An early Blériot and a Box-Kite would be a welcome diversion, but perhaps the "Pou du Ciel" can be smuggled in, disguised as a lawn-mower, for which purpose it could be adapted easily. Air drill will be a special feature of the Display, and during the final item, over 100 'planes will fly over in formation. The proceeds of the day go to Service charities, which have, incidentally, benefited to the extent of more than £4000 as a result of Empire Air Day.

General "Jimmy" Weir, with his wife on the left, talking to Miss Fidelia Crossley at Heston. General Weir is a director of the Cierva Autogiro Company, and both he and his wife fly the "windmill"

A Film of the R.A.F.

FOR the first time, the Air Ministry has co-operated wholeheartedly with the film industry, and the result is a first-class picture of the R.A.F. aground, afloat, and aloft. John Betts, who made the film, visited the principal stations in the country during eighteen months' work. Every "shot" has been worked out scientifically with Air Force experts and the whole blended to give a realistic view of Service life. Just at this time, when the R.A.F. needs thousands of officers and men to complete the expansion programme, the film should have a great appeal. A short picture of Miss Jean Batten's solo flight to Australia and back will precede the main item, and Miss Batten will appear personally.

A Civil Flying Club for the Service

BORN at Oddenino's in late '32 or early '33, fathered by the son of Sir Harry Brittain, and later adopted by Lord Trenchard, the R.A.F. Flying Club, has, in the words of its President, gone from strength to strength. Several of its distinguished Vice-Presidents, Air Vice-Marshal C. L. Courtney, Lt.-Col. F. C. Shelmerdine, Sir Harry Brittain, and Air Commodore A. S.

(*Continued on page* vi)

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C.F.H.17

A scene from "R.A.F.", the film of the Royal Air Force which is due at the Polytechnic on June 17th. Members of the Oxford University Squadron are being instructed in the use of the Irvin parachute

Mainly About the Air Force

(*Continued from page* iv)

Barratt, were present at an informal lunch given last week to celebrate the success of the Club. Lord Londonderry, guest of honour, referred to the value of a civil flying centre for Service and ex-Service pilots, so that they might broaden their experience on types other than military, and gain some of the benefits to be obtained from club life. On Saturday next the Club will hold its third annual display at Hatfield. Last year's event will remain memorable for some amazing stunt flying on a Tiger Moth. As a trial of the Tiger's strength, its agility, the power to contort its body into strange shapes without bending anything, the demonstration was convincing to the n-th degree. A park will be provided for visiting aircraft on Saturday, but pilots are requested to arrive before 1.30 p.m. Those eligible for membership, who have not yet joined the Club, can obtain full particulars from the Secretary at Hatfield, and it should be noted that de Havillands very kindly allow members to use the tennis and squash courts—also the bathing-pool, which is a great boon in the summer.

At Brooklands and Lympne

WHEN the Brooklands people are "at home" the party is certain to be a good one, and that held at the beginning of the month was most successful. Lack of variety at flying meetings often has its compensations through the skill of individual pilots—Flt.-Lieut. Bulman on a "Hart," Capt. Bric on an Autogiro, and Flt.-Lieut. Summers on the Vickers "Vincent" certainly proved this point at Brooklands. The parachute descent by Mr. de Greeuw was perfectly timed, and his landing without falling drew the applause of the crowd. Ken Waller, who has been appointed recently as chief instructor at Brooklands, taking the place of Capt. McKenzie, when the latter became Reserve School instructor at Sywell, was just one of a bunch of ordinary pupils at Lympne five years ago. Like many others who learn to fly, he was unable to afford much time in the air, but by skilful flying and through his popularity, many opportunities came his way for delivery flights and assisting owner-pilots. After 500 hours' air experience, which took three years to achieve, he took the instructor's course at Brooklands, and then returned to Lympne to assist the chief pilot. A fortunate meeting with Bernard Ruben, whom he taught to fly, gave Waller his chance to make a name. The prospecting flight to Darwin and back followed by his partnership with Cathcart Jones in the "Comet," which broke the return flight record, are still fresh in memory.

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Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing Sea and Bathing. Mod. terms. Nr. Casino. Golf. Tennis. Tel. Add :—Palace, Knocke.

Spa.—Grand Hotel Britannique.—150 rooms with 'phone. 50 baths. Park, Garage, Tennis. R.A.C. From 12/6.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Hotel Castille.—37, rue Cambon (Madeleine-Tuileries). Ev. comft., priv. gdn., Amer. bar. Rm. fr. Frs. 25. Pens. fr. Frs. 50.

Paris.—Hotel Lutetia.—Of universal renown. Every possible comfort. Rooms from 25 Frs.

Antibes, A.M.—Grand Hotel du Cap.—The world's famous summer resort. All water sports. Apply for booklet.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Cannes.—Spend Summer at the **Htl. Miramar.** Its New Grill—where good taste and good living are insep'ble. All r'ms with priv. bath.

Juan-les-Pins.—Les Ambassadeurs.—Facing beach and casino. Every room with balcony, bath, 'phone. Moderate terms.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest, adjoining Casino. 200 rooms with bath. Large park. Own bus to golf and sea.

Le Touquet (P. de C.)—Golf Hotel.—Facing the famous links. Privilege of daily golf vouchers.

FRANCE—*continued.*

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opp. swim. pool. 1st class. Residential hotel, same managem't Hotel des Anglais in forest.

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GERMANY.

Berlin.—Hotel Alhambra.—Best quiet position at 68, Kurfürstendamm. Each room priv. bath, wireless, telephone. From RM.8.

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Baden-Baden.—Badhotel Badischer Hof.—First-class Family Hotel facing the Kurpark and Casino. Own bathing establishment.

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(*Continued on page* vii).

CONTINENTAL HOTELS.—*continued.*

GERMANY—*continued.*

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park. Close Casino. Pens. terms: M. 11. up. Personal man. H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Quellenhof.—Nr. Ther. bths. Evry. com. Full pen. fr. RM. 7.50. Old Baden wineshop "Im süssen Löchel" f. 1831.

Baden-Baden.—Haus Reichert.—Best pos. near Kurgarden and Casino. Every comfort. Rooms with breakfast from RM. 3.50.

Bad Ems.—State Hotels and Römerbad.—The two leading hotels, same management. All comfort. Pension from RM. 9.50.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM. 9.

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Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Bristol.—Directly opposite the Baths. Pension arrangements from RM. 9. Manager: P. Bittong.

Bad Nauheim.—The Carlton.—Strictly First-class, old-fashioned. Facing park. 20 yards from the baths.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1935.

Bad Nauheim. Der Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Large garden fac'g baths & Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pens. fr. RM.11.

Bad Nauheim—Palast Hotel.—First-class in every way. Facing Baths and Kur-park. Pension from RM. 10.

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Bühlerhöhe Blk. Forest.—800 mt. (2,600 ft.), nr. Baden-Baden. Kurhaus & San. All cure fac. diets, rest cures. All sports. Pen. fr. M.11.

Cologne.—Hotel Comoedienhof.—Dignified hotel with all com. Near Cathedral. Rms. fr. RM.4, with p.b. fr. RM.8. Man. A. Grieshaber.

Dresden—Hotel Bellevue—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Gdn.-Pk.Terrs. Reduced rates. Garage. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Lead. htl., r. fr. 5 RM. r., w. bath fr. RM. 9. Amer. Bar. Orch. Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

Frankfurt-a.-M.—Hotel Excelsior.—Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds from RM. 4.

Freiburg.—Hotel Zähringer Hof.—The leading Hotel of the district; thoroughly first-class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Garmisch.—Bavarian Alps.—Hotel Neu-Werdenfels.—First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Garmisch.—Bavarian Alps.—Sonnenbichl.—Golf Hotel, facing the Zugspitze, 1st-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine.

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GERMANY—*continued*

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Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World renowned Hotel. Own bathing estab. Patronized by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pens. from 11 Mks.

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Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best pos., first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.

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Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—First-class. Finest situation on lake. Reasonable terms. Private lake. Baths free for guests. Pk., Ten., Gar.

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Robert Harris

Clubs Without Quarters

(Continued from page 488)

ARTHUR GREIG, brother of Sir Louis Greig, is on the Stock Exchange. He is a hot 6, and keen on boxing, when he is not playing golf. John Morrison is a partner now of Harry Colt, and spends half his time laying out golf courses. Broad in the beam, totally callous about his clothes or his motor-cars, he hits the ball a mile and is a typical Old Carthusian. It would be impossible to have a greater contrast in his half-brother, Dale Bourn, who is almost as well dressed as John Bealey. He won the English Close Championship once, and was runner-up on another occasion. Dale has a very compact swing, stands with his feet rather close together, like Bobby Jones, and is always a hard man to beat, however he has spent the previous evening.

YET another Old Carthusian is John Beck, a Walker Cup player, a winner of the Gold Vase, and potentially one of the finest golfers since the war. Unfortunately his job as director of the English

Major Clive Burn

Company of Corn Products prevents him playing more. He married Baba Pim last year, and is lucky to have survived his motor-bike smash years ago, when H. N. Vincent was killed.

A SPORTING K.C. is Lionel Cohen. He is a keen 4. You will always see him at Le Touquet, and he is very charming. Eric Martin Smith is a much better golfer than most members of the Match Club think, and in consequence he probably makes a great deal more money out of Match Club bets than he loses. Rex Hartley, on the other hand, does not often win. He is far too generous. He will play better ball matches, confident that because he has gone round the course in 68 he will do it on every subsequent occasion. Douglas Fish, the Recorder, used to be the Secretary at Addington. He is a cheerful, thick-set fellow, and married a County player. He used to be plus 1, and is now a good 2. Fortunately for members of the Club, he never makes a mistake in the matches,

Rear-Admiral Basil Brooke

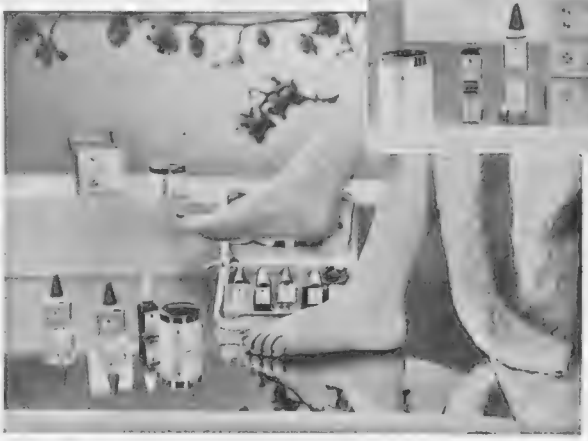
and everybody pays up cheerfully when the results are announced at the dinner following the one at which they made their bets.

C. G.

Modern Aids to Beauty

Lovely Toe-Tips

FOR many years past, women and leaders of fashion have acclaimed Peggy Sage one of the greatest exponents in the art of manicure. She has proved over and over again that a little time and care can produce amazingly lovely hands, which are not only an added charm, but give poise and assurance. A visit to some of the fashionable plages, however, convinced her that to be hand-conscious was not enough, and after gazing at rows of ugly feet clad in sandals, she became inspired, and created a special pedicure based on the same technique as her manicure. In this the nails are gently filed and shaped, after which each toe is wrapped in a coat of cotton-wool soaked in Peggy Sage Cuticle Remover. This softens the cuticle so that it can be worked gently back round the base and sides of the nail by means of an orange-wood stick. The next step is to wipe away the dead cuticle, and wash the nails. When these are thoroughly dry, Peggy Sage Liquid Polish is applied. This may be the same shade as the hands, or a tone darker. Both are equally smart. Then when the polish is quite dry, the feet and ankles are massaged with Peggy Sage Massage Cream. Every toe is gently rotated in order to loosen the joints and make them supple. The arch is lifted and strengthened, and the circulation stimulated.



Lenare

Beauty in hands and feet does not necessarily depend upon their shape, but rather on the way they are kept. Peggy Sage's Hand Smoother and Softener Cream replenishes the natural softening oils of the skin and keeps the hands firm and smooth, while her Hand Whitener Cream gives a wonderful velvety finish to arms, neck, and shoulders

Jet Black—Fire Engine—Chinese Red

IN matters of polish, Peggy Sage, 130, New Bond Street, is famous for her wide range of exclusive shades, which vary from the very pale to jet black She declares that no woman should be satisfied with just one shade of polish, but should change it as often as she changes her clothes. For tweeds and country clothes, there is Bronze, which, as the name implies, is brown and exceptionally becoming. Then, of course, there are numerous shades of red, two favourites being Fire Engine and Chinese, quite apart from exotic shades such as jade green, sapphire blue, silver and gold. For those who prefer something less daring, there is Rose Pearl, one of the newest and most exquisite shades, which suggests a pearl in which a deep pink is reflected. For removing polish, Peggy Sage has created a new Lubricant Remover, containing a special oil which leaves the cuticle soft and pliant, and helps to prevent dry and brittle nails.

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A

Geoffrey Morris

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Someone 's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DUBLIN GATE THEATRE COMPANY.—Denis Johnston's *The Old Lady Says "No!"*: Westminster, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Next week, *Hamlet*, at 7.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DUET IN FLOODLIGHT.—Madeleine Carroll and Anthony Ireland star in J. B. Priestley's latest: Apollo, 8.40.

A FAMILY MAN.—Third play of the Galsworthy festival, with Wilfred Lawson, Ivy Tresmand, Ann Codrington, and Patricia Hilliard: Playhouse, 8.40. Wed., Fri., 2.40.

GOLDEN ARROW.—Laurence Olivier, Cecil Parker, Helen Haye are in this new satirical comedy: Whitehall, 8.40. Tues., Thurs., 2.40.

GRIEF GOES OVER.—Sybil Thorndike as a mother, Alec Clunes, Clive Morton, and Geoffrey Nares as her three sons in this new Merton Hodge play: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

HERVEY HOUSE.—Nicholas Hannen as a ducal statesman, Fay Compton as his wife, and Gertrude Lawrence his mistress; the cast and the setting make it worth while: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—This delightful Chinese play includes in its cast Louise Hampton, Carol Coombe, Morris Harvey, Esmé Percy, Roger Livesey: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MASK OF VIRTUE.—Polished tricks and trifling in Ashley Dukes's eighteenth-century manner, with Frank Cellier and Jeanne de Casalis as aristocratic intriguers, Vivien Leigh as the attractive dupe: St. James's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

ROULETTE.—A patchy story in a Monte Carlo setting; the dialogue is versatile, and Hella Kurty as a gambler's bride, Margaret Rawlings as a cocotte, and Austin Trevor as a waiter, miss no opportunities: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

RUTH DRAPER.—This wonderful American gives the second week of her three weeks' "character sketch" season: Haymarket, 8.45. Wed., Thurs., 2.45.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard's fine acting as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play must be seen again: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—A mixture of comedy and a little tragedy, with beautiful acting by Eugénie Leontovich, and Cedric Hardwicke, Evelyn Roberts, and Allan Aynesworth all in excellent form: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICEROY SARAH.—Queen Anne 's alive, poor, dear, distracted thing, as Barbara Everest plays her; Irene Vanbrugh is Sarah; the story is as human as historical: Phœnix, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris is the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Celia Johnson plays the part as heroine: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

CHARLOT'S CHAR-A-BANG !—The sketches are neat and amusing, the music is pleasant, the stars are Elsie Randolph, John Tilley, Reginald Gardiner, and Iris March—it 's a good review: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

DANCING CITY.—A musical play with a Viennese setting; Lea Seidl as Maria Teresa, who banned the waltz, Derek Oldham as the Archduke: Coliseum, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLYING TRAPEZE.—A fascinating circus spectacle of décor and production, with amusing moments contributed by Jack Buchanan, Ivy St. Helier, and Fred Emney: Alhambra, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAY DECEIVERS.—A musical nonsense; Clifford Mollison and Charlotte Greenwood do some superb fooling; Claire Luce and Gina Malo dance and look decorative: Gaiety, 8.15. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

GLAMOROUS NIGHT.—Musical comedy on a large scale, with Mary Ellis and Ivor Novello as stars; a pleasant evening for the Puritanian-minded: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

JACK O' DIAMONDS.—Gay and witty lyrics; the Cinderella story makes a cheerful, amused evening; Greta Fayne, Zelma O'Neal, Bobbie Comber, Reginald Purdell, and Richard Dolman all contribute: Cambridge, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

JILL, DARLING !—Arthur Riscoe's sombre fooling is irresistible; Irene Palasty has taken Frances Day's part; it 's a lively, amusing show: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 60.—Norah Chapman and Edna Thompson, Gus Chevalier, Eric Woodburn, Cedric Miller, and all the usual favourites: Windmill, 1.30—11.30 non-stop.

SHALL WE REVERSE ?—Excursions backward through the centuries make a gay musical-comedy plot, with amusing lyrics; Sydney Fairbrother and Robert Hale, Edward Cooper and June are the excursionees: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

STOP PRESS.—Maurice Chevalier is now in this most see-able revue; Dorothy Dickson, Phyllis Monkman, the lighting, décor and dancing are as good as ever: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TANTIVY TOWERS.—A revival of the A. P. Herbert operetta, with Maggie Teyte and Steuart Wilson: Lyric, Hammersmith, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The amusing burlesque of schoolbook history has Naunton Wayne as compère, Clarice Hardwicke, Charles Heslop, Scott Sunderland as kings and queens, Hugh E. Wright as the Common Man: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YES, MADAM ?—An amusing and well-constructed musical comedy, with Binnie Hale and Bobby Howes as stars; Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, and Billy Leonard add to the very good fun: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.—A comedy of flirtations, with Ronald Squire, king of philanderers, Nora Swinburne, Marda Vanne: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

CHASE THE ACE.—An Anthony Kimmins comedy, played by Marie Löhr, Winifred Shotter, Edward Chapman, George Relph: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MIRACLE MAN.—A simple story of crooks turning virtuous, with Seymour Hicks, Margaretta Scott, and Ellaline Terriss to give pleasant substance to the tale: Victoria Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams as the murderer of this intelligent and amusing murder play; Angela Baddeley as the girl, Dame May Whitty as the old hag, and Kathleen Harrison as a super-funny cook: Duchess. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—A really amusing farcical thriller, with good laughs and "the creeps" taking turns: Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neil are the chief performers: New, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—Leslie Banks as a Bluebeard husband, Louise Hampton as wife No. 1, Elena Miramova as wife No. 2, Joan Maude as a young intruder: St. Martin's, to-night.

ACCIDENTALLY YOURS.—George Robey and Alice Delysia in a farce from the French: Shaftesbury, June 13.

ANYTHING GOES.—The new Cochran-Cole Porter show, with Jeanne Aubert, Sydney Howard, Adèle Dixon, Peter Haddon: Palace.

OPEN-AIR THEATRE.—*Twelfth Night*, with Phyllis Neilson-Terry, Lesley Wareing, Baliol Holloway, Leslie French: Regent's Park, June 18.

CINEMAS

BORDERTOWN.—Paul Muni appears in a Mexican gaming-hell setting, with Bette Davis as the girl of the story: Regal.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Ronald Colman as Clive; Loretta Young as his wife, in this history-into-play-into-film: Marble Arch Pavilion.

LA DAME AUX CAMÉLIAS.—A French film of the Dumas story, with Yvonne Printemps as Marguerite Gautier, Pierre Fresnay as Armand Duval: Academy.

THE DIVINE SPARK.—A private life of Bellini, with Phillips Holmes as the composer, Martha Eggerth as the girl he loved; the settings are really Italian and very lovely: Curzon, from June 18th. Till then, *One Night of Love*.

EIGHTEEN MINUTES.—Gregory Ratoff as the villain of this piece, John Loder and Benita Hume as hero and heroine: Leicester Square Theatre.

GOING TO TOWN.—The new Mae West display, with Paul Cavanagh and Ivan Lebedeff as the boys: Carlton.

JOYLESS STREET.—Garbo's first success, twelve years ago, with Pabst directing. Also *Times Square Lady*, with Virginia Bruce, Helen Twelvetrees, Robert Taylor: Empire.

R.A.F.—Doing for the Air Force what *Brown on Resolution* did for the Navy; it 's authentic and exciting: Polytechnic.

ROBERTA.—The Broadway musical success in its screen shape stars Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, and Irene Dunne; it 's full of good tunes and dancing: Tivoli.

STOLEN HARMONY.—Here 's George Raft again, with Grace Bradley playing opposite; the name explains the film: Plaza.

THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS.—John Buchan's famous story directed for the screen by Alfred Hitchcock; with Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll as stars: New Gallery.

THE WEDDING NIGHT.—Anna Sten as a farmer's daughter who falls for Gary Cooper as a New York author, and their story ends in tragedy: London Pavilion.

WEREWOLF OF LONDON.—A thriller, naturally, with Henry Hull playing lead: Capitol.

PAGEANTRY, SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ALDERSHOT TATTOO.—The Services give their superbly impressive show, with a Silver Jubilee Finale: Aldershot, June 13th-15th and 18th-22nd.

ROYAL HORSE SHOW: Richmond, June 13th-15th.

ROYAL ACADEMY SUMMER EXHIBITION: Burlington House.

JAGGER MEMORIAL EXHIBITION.—Jagger's sculpture of war and peace subjects: 5a, Pall Mall East, 10-10. Sundays, 10-6. Floodlit, 8-10 p.m.

RUSSIAN ART.—Pictures, jewels, ikons, porcelain, ballet costumes, all of Imperial Russia: 1, Belgrave Square.

(*Continued on page* E)

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What's On

(Continued from page D)

OPERA AND BALLET

AT COVENT GARDEN:

LA BOHÈME.—With Grace Moore; Vincenzo Bellazzo conducting: to-night, 8.30.

PRINCE IGOR.—With the Russian Ballet; Beecham conducts: June 13th, 7.45.

RUSSIAN BALLET.—"Contes Russes," "Presages," "Beau Danube": June 14th, 8.45.

PRINCE IGOR: June 15th and 17th, 7.45.

RUSSIAN BALLET.—"Sylphides," "Presage," "Beau Danube": June 18th, 8.45.

GLYNDEBOURNE MOZART FESTIVAL:

FIGARO: to-night, 6.45; June 15th, 5.15; June 18th, 6.45.

COSI FAN TUTTE: June 13th, 7.

DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE: June 14th, 7.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN.—Second week of a four-weeks' season by the D'Oyley Carte Company: Sadler's Wells, 8. Sat., 2.30.

MUSIC

Orchestral

"HIAWATHA."—The Royal Choral Society's production, conducted by Malcolm Sargent: Albert Hall, 8. Sat., 2.30, from June 10th to 22nd.

LONDON MUSIC FESTIVAL.—Toscanini's last two concerts with the B.B.C.; programmes include Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, Debussy's La Mer, Mozart's Symphony No. 35, Geminiani's Concerto Grosso: Queen's Hall, June 12th and 14th, 8.30.

Recitals

SZIGETI.—His only recital includes Sonatas by Bach, Beethoven, and Ravel: Queen's Hall, June 13th, 8.15.

ELENA GERHARDT and HARRY BLANK.—Singing Wolf songs: Wigmore Hall, June 17th, 8.30.

DANCING AND DINING

In the Ballrooms

QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S BIRTHDAY BALL.—The debutantes' big night out, in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital: Grosvenor House, June 13th.

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

BLUE TRAIN.—Starr and Browning, coloured singers, entertain, and Gerhardi's band plays in the restaurant; dancing in the grill in any dress: extension, Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Hyson and Roberts' Most Beautiful Girls; Colombo's dance band; dress as you will: extension, Friday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Clive Erard and his music in the restaurant, where day or evening clothes go well: cabaret at midnight.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Sheila Barrett, an "impressionist" from Broadway, appears at midnight; dancing to Jack Harris; day clothes on the balcony: extension, Wednesday.

CARLTON.—Dancing every night to Howard Jacobs' band; an amusing cabaret at midnight: extension, Tuesday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—"Les Girls" from Monte Carlo sing and dance and look nice, and there are other turns to amuse; Sydney Lipton's band plays: extension, Thursday.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT.—Excellent food, especially fish, and good wines; lunch, dinner, supper; no music.

RITZ.—A café chantant evening; Jane Armstrong sings, "Charlie" compères, the Marino Norris Trio appear: extension, Wednesday.

ROMANO'S.—Here is Bohemia as it ever was; evening or day clothes; Lou Preager's band plays, and there 's a cabaret at midnight.

SAN MARCO.—Maurice Winnick's band plays; there 's no cabaret; one must dress to dance: extension, Wednesday.

SPORT

CRICKET: First Test match—England v. South Africa: Nottingham, June 15th, 17th, 18th.

RACING: Manchester, June 12th-15th.

ASCOT: June 18th-21st.

TENNIS: Grass Court Championships: Queen's Club, June 17th-22nd.

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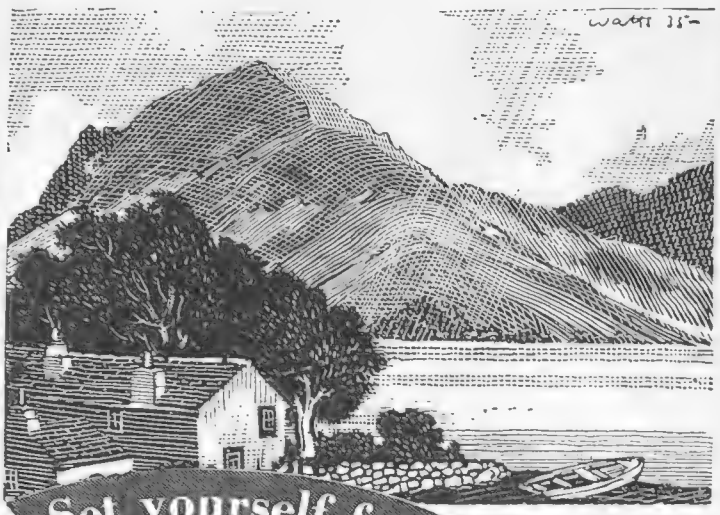

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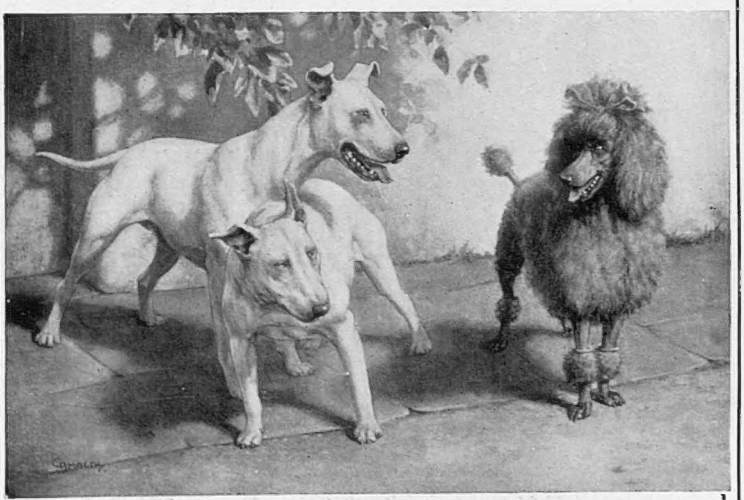

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Duggie: "Then I owe you an apology."

Nell Gwynne: "Duggie, Duggie! I thought you never 'owed' . . . . That's why I wanted to back Orange Blossom with you for the Sovereign Stakes. What are the odds, anyway?"

Duggie: "About a million to one against, I should think. But if peeling oranges is so profitable, why worry about the pealing of bells?"

Nell Gwynne: "Worry? I'm not worrying! Still, if you give me a million to one I'll certainly risk a crown. I'll have to split it with Charlie, though."

Duggie: "Well, your descendants may have a lot to thank you for. Will you take winnings in cash or in property?"

Nell Gwynne: "Oh, impropriety! Sorry, thought I was talking to Charlie . . . . Naturally, I'll have my Turf winnings in turf—it will put my descendants on the map."

Duggie: "All right. And now I'm expecting Mrs. Stuart, so I'll turf you out."

Nell Gwynne: "Yes — it would never do to let her think I'm too enthusiastic about you. I'll tell Charlie about you — for although he's always second he's got very winning ways."

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